

THE LONDON READER

of Literature, Science, Art, and General Information.

THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

[REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

No. 727.—VOL XXVIII.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 7, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[MESSENGERS OF SORROW.]

MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT.

CHAPTER X.

LILY rode out next day, and every day for a week, and at the expiration of that time she was able to walk freely in the garden, or wherever she chose. Every day unfolded to the admiration of her new friends some unexpected grace in the child.

At first her humility and overwhelming gratitude, her fear of in some way offending her benefactors, had disturbed Mrs. Tennant by keeping her always reminded that she was really a little outcast raised by her kindness to a level with them. But after that talk with Dick Lily's manner changed. The painful sense of being dependant and out of her native sphere dropped away from her.

A quiet pride, a happy consciousness that presently they were to be repaid tenfold, put her at ease, and made her glad and gay as a summer bird. Mrs. Tennant especially was both astonished and delighted at the sunshine and brightness she brought into the house as she went dancing lightly from room to room, perching herself fearlessly even to the den itself, and breaking up with her merry prattle the grave atmosphere that had always reigned there.

"My dear," said he to his wife, again and again, "she is really a most extraordinary little creature. Where else can you find such a wise little womanly wisp, such sweet temper, and yet sprightly enlivening manners. I don't think there was ever such a child like her before."

"She is a precious little darling," answered Mrs. Tennant, with one of her rare smiles. "But all children are beautiful."

The man of letters slowly shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know about that, little woman, I am sure. I can call to mind a score of noisy, overbearing, uncouth boys, and twice as many pert, vain, disagreeable girls. But this little Lily I grant you is lovely and thoroughly charming. I cannot be too happy that she has come to us, for you see when I am away I shall know that you are not lonely, and if anything should happen to me you will have someone left to love and care for you."

"Oh, Sidney, as if Lily or anyone could atone for your loss." And the little woman's lips quivered.

"I did not mean atone, but ameliorate," replied he, gravely. "By the way, Master James is making quite a heroine of this little lady. Did you see them to-day while he was holding her on the pony. It was quite a picture. I wonder if I shall be called upon to tell his father the child's history. The Forts are as haughty in their way as the proudest noblemen in the kingdom."

"There will be time enough to think of that half-a-dozen years hence. This Marston acknowledged to me that he was really no relation at all. I can't help being sure Lily's parents were refined and educated people. Her language is particularly elegant, and far beyond her years, especially when you consider her horrible life with that woman."

"Well, I am going to take a ride over in that direction. I'll call at the Forts to report James's progress, and I'll take occasion to tell them how Lily came to us, and that we mean to adopt her. Once aware of the fact I don't see how they can blame us if half-a-dozen years hence such a thing should happen."

"Are you going with Rosinate?"

"I don't think I will try a gallop on that new horse which Bailey has sent to me on trial. He is a noble creature, and, as Bailey expressed it, can't hunt all alone. I have a mind to call at Morley Grange over in D— I have discovered that my talented young contributor to the Review is the manager there, and I am anxious for a talk with him, in that case you must dine alone. But as I

said before, you have Lily. I shan't have the rueful conscience whispering all the while: 'There's the little woman all alone at home, and you must not stay here among the gay people and keep her waiting for you. So I shall stay if inclined.'"

He laughed as he said it.

"Nevertheless, you must not remain too long," answered she, with a bright smile. "And be careful with the new horse. I'd rather you took Rosinate."

And she helped him to get ready for the ride at the portico, when he mounted and watched the carolling of the powerful animal he rode with distrustful eyes.

At the gateway he turned to look back, and seeing her still watching waved his hand with all of a lover's eagerness.

Mrs. Tennant turned with a smile of peaceful content, and went to find Lily, who was busy colouring a new picture-book from the same paint-box which was presently to furnish pictures for the magic-lantern.

"Now we are to have a long day to ourselves," she said. "I wonder if I could make a picture for the lantern of a gentleman galloping away out of the yard. That would make him laugh when he came home; wouldn't it?"

"Or one of him blowing the soap bubbles for James and me. Wouldn't that astonish the book-makers?" added Lily, gleefully.

And Mrs. Tennant seized upon the idea, and sat down at the table, and presently had drawn out on paper the figures which were to be transferred to glass, and at every fresh movement of the pencil Lily exclaimed with wonder and admiration.

Mr. Tennant meanwhile rode on his way with a bright face and a light heart. As he passed the avenue leading to Morley Grange a grave-faced young man came cantering out. A quick conviction came to Mr. Tennant, and with an earnest gesture he drew the attention of the rider.

"Can you tell me if I shall find Mr. Arthur

Somers in at the place yonder?" he asked, courteously.

The young man lifted his dark eyes with an expression of surprise, and answered promptly: "I am Arthur Somers."

"Humph! Upon my soul it is just as I believe. I am rejoiced to meet you. So you are my talented young contributor?"

"Mr. Sidney Tennant," exclaimed Arthur Somers, a glow mounting to his very forehead. "I am indeed honoured if you are coming to see me." "And I am very proud and glad to know you. Which way are you riding? If towards Fort's Close I shall be very glad of your company."

"I shall consider it a great privilege to accompany you. I have no particular destination in view."

"Come on, then. This big fellow under me will be as glad of company as his rider. He has been uneasy at the comrade he has passed. Now then, about that last article of yours. I can tell you, my young friend, it makes its mark. I hope you mean to give your talent full scope. You ought to put away all other business from you and turn exclusively to authorship."

"You fill me with pride and gratitude," replied young Somers, his great, deep eyes, kindling like an eagle. "I have been frittering away my time and what powers have been given me; I will not do so any longer."

"Was I rightly informed that you have been Lady Pittsford's agent, the manager of the estate?"

"Yes, sir, and I have already given notice that I must leave the place."

"Right, right. In our line we need just as much devotion and absorbed attention as in any business. But I am sure that you have done your duty faithfully there. Lady Pittsford will miss you?"

"Perhaps so," replied Arthur Somers, a gloomy shadow falling over his face, "but her ladyship can find another steward."

"But I cannot find another contributor of your force and depth exactly. But my young friend, unless I am mistaken you will find a wider sphere soon than my paper. Those wings of yours have a vast expansion in their power. You are beyond my following."

"Sir," exclaimed Arthur Somers, "now you are too generous in your judgment. If it were any other I should fear you were making sport of me."

"Well, well; we shall see. I want you to continue the series, and when you have all your time at your command, you must try another subject. I could wish it to be a brighter one. I am afraid," and here kindhearted Sidney Tennant passed and glanced at the stern set lips of his companion, "I am afraid your view of life has been black and cold. It is very plain you do not love it, as a happy man ought to do. I wish I might teach you to see how bitterness spoils entire and misanthropic ruin and odds. It is all the criticism I find—that your writings show a melancholy temperament."

The young author hung his head and was silent a moment. Then with a frank smile he looked up and said earnestly:

"I thank you heartily, sir, for this hint. You are right. It is folly and cowardice because one's own horizon holds portentous clouds to crowd the same gloomy forebodings into the clear skies of others. You shall not have cause for these criticisms again."

"And I must hope the rising sun will sweep your sky clear likewise."

Arthur Somers shook his head and they rode on for a little time in silence, and the conversation turned upon general subjects.

At the turn of the road they parted, Mr. Tennant turning his horse's head into a lane which shortened the distance to Fort's Close, and his companion cantering to the right to make a survey of some new operations going on there upon some part of Lady Pittsford's property, both agreeing to be at the same place at such an hour on returning home.

The young man first arrived and waited ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, without any uneasiness or apprehension, but when an hour passed he began to be restless, and impatient as his horse.

"What can it mean," murmured he, as he walked to and fro leading the fretting animal. "If it was any other person I should go my way and conclude it was carelessness or through business; but Mr. Tennant is the soul of punctuality and kindness. He would not keep me waiting any more than he would the Duke of B——. I cannot help fearing something has happened."

He consulted his watch once more, and then springing into the saddle, exclaimed with decision:

"I will ride a little on the road to see if there is sign of his coming."

Saying which he turned into the lane and rode off swiftly something like half a mile, until he came to the plain across which he saw the turrets of Fort's Close, and every step of the road between R—— was visible.

"Not started yet," he muttered; "or is it possible he arrived at the rendezvous first and rode on slowly to allow me to overtake him. That horse of his was a fiery creature, and might trouble him in waiting. Well, there is nothing left for me to do but to go back."

He turned round and was riding along the lane when all at once he heard a feeble halloo, which a moment after was followed by a shrill neigh as of a horse in agony. Arthur Somers rode hastily until he came to the spot from whence the sound seemed to come, and he uttered an exclamation of horror and grief as his eye caught a view of the painful sight which presented itself. Springing off his horse and leaping over the stile, he exclaimed:

"Good heavens, Mr. Tennant, you are injured!" "Is it you, Somers? Thank Heaven that some one has come. I feared I was to perish here before I should make myself heard."

It was a task of no great difficulty, for the horse had fallen in leaping over the stile, breaking his own leg and rolling over upon the rider, crushing his limbs and pinning him so that he could not escape.

"You are in great pain, sir; do you think you can move yourself at all," Arthur Somers asked, anxiously.

"I cannot be sure, I have fainting half a dozen times in trying to extricate myself, and lying here so long in such torture has made me weak as a baby. The brute has met his own punishment. There was a hunter's halloo off here in the woods, and what did he do in spite of all my efforts but rush to this stile and leap over, and stepping on a stone down he came, and here I have been ever since I left you." "What! was the fall just after you left me? I thought it was on the nature."

"My dear sir, what tortures you have suffered. I must not delay a moment to do the best I can for your help."

While he spoke he was at work. He brought a plank he had wrenched from the stile, and a heavy log he found elsewhere, to weigh down the struggling animal's head, and then carefully lifted up the flank under which the wounded limb was crushed, and slowly and carefully as might be he pushed away the form of the rider. Mr. Tennant shut his eyes and clenched his teeth, but had no strength to resist the pain, and when Arthur with an ejaculation of thanksgiving found him free he discovered also that he lay like a dead man, with closed eyes, ghastly face, and cold white lips.

His first look made sure that it was only a fainting fit, and then with wise forethought he made his examination of the wounded limb, and tearing off his cravat and stripping up his handkerchief he did the best he could with the crushed bones and mangled flesh before reviving the sufferer.

Sidney Tennant smiled gratefully as soon as returning consciousness showed him the young man tenderly bathing his face and moistening his lips with the water he had brought in his hat from the brook, whose gurgles could be distinctly heard.

"Oh, that water," sighed he. "I have learned something about the doom of Tantalus, lying here prisoned to the ground and thirsting for a single drop to cool my parched lips, with that bubble and gurgles sounding all the time in my ears."

"Are you more comfortable now? Can I venture to leave you and go for help?"

"Hold your hat to my lips and let me drink first, and then pour it over my leg. How is it, crushed to a jelly?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope. But since you have been lying so long, I don't think there should be a moment's delay in getting a surgeon here. I suppose you will go to Fort's Close, and that I had better ride there for help."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Mr. Tennant, with the first signs of dejection. "I am afraid I have taken my final leave of the Vinery. Poor little woman! poor little woman! She charged me to be on my guard with the brute. She wanted me to take Rosineta. You will see that she comes to me wherever I am carried."

"Yes, sir, yes, sir, I will do everything that is possible. Let me roll up my coat for a pillow. Now, sir, I am going. Keep up a good heart and I assure you there shall be no delay."

As he ceased, Arthur Somers leaped over the stile, mounted his own horse, and dashed furiously to Fort's Close.

The news he brought roused the whole family,

and no time was lost in fitting up an ambulance. James rode foremost, carrying a basket of restoratives, while one of the servants was despatched in furious haste for a surgeon.

They found him insensible, and at Arthur Somers' suggestion, performed the painful task of lifting him upon their improvised ambulance, before making any attempt at reviving him.

The surgeon met them as they entered the gate of Fort's Close, and assisted in removing the sufferer to a couch. He wore a very grave face as he came from his examination of the patient muttering:

"There might have been something done, if only he had been found as soon as the accident happened. Now amputation is inexorable for one thing, and fever for another."

Arthur Somers heard, and walked hastily to Mrs. Fort:

"I promised him I would bring his wife to him, I had better go at once."

"James will go with you if you are not familiar with the house. He might go alone, only he would hardly know how to break the news gently. She is a wonderful woman, and will bear it nobly."

James was ready with his pony, and the two galloped off without any further delay. The boy was grave and frightened. Every now and then he raised his hand and dashed away the tears.

"Oh," thought he, "this is hard and cruel. Just now, too, when Mrs. Tennant has been so good and kind to Lily; it doesn't seem like Heaven's justice." And presently after a second glance at the countenance of his companion, he spoke his thought aloud.

Arthur Somers listened with interest to the story James related, and his eye brightened at the boy's enthusiastic description of the happy home the Vinery made.

"It is beautiful," said he, musingly, "it is beautiful that there are homes where perfect love and peace have taken up abode."

"But to think we are going to carry sorrow into it," said James. "I cannot bear it, it does not seem right."

"Heaven sees further than we do, dear boy. But why are you so confident that it is hopeless sorrow? he may recover."

"I am afraid not, sir. Did you see Doctor Wallace's face. He never looks so except in cases which are hopeless. Oh, what a terrible thing it is will be to lose Mr. Tennant! What will ever make up for his loss?"

"What, indeed?" echoed Arthur Somers, sadly.

They grew more and more silent as they neared the home of their injured friend, and James's handkerchief went still more frequently to his wet eyes.

The sunset glories were still lingering in the western horizon when the tired horses and the heavy hearted riders turned into the gateway upon the pretty scene.

James tried to fall back in the shade of his companion.

"They are there, sir, at the portico watching for him," faltered he. "Oh, I shall never dare to go forward!"

Yes, they were both there—Mrs. Tennant with a shawl thrown over her Indian silk dress, and Lily with a new scarlet riding-hood, carefully wrapped around her, sitting on the bamboo sofa. The cheerful tone of their voices came floating out to the gateway.

"Oh, it is cruel! cruel!" groaned James, and before Arthur Somers knew what he was doing he had whirled around and gone outside the gate.

In the dimness the pair on the portico mistook the approaching horseman for the long-watched fur master.

A sweet chorus of welcoming voices greeted him.

"Loiterer, you have kept us half-famished. Do you think we could sit down alone to dinner?" said Mrs. Tennant, coming forward to the steps. "I've a mind—"

She paused abruptly as she saw the depressing gesture Arthur Somers could not forbear. He sprang from the saddle and came towards her.

"A message!" repeated Mrs. Tennant, in faltering tones. "Then he is not coming home to-night? Such a thing has not happened since we have lived here. It must be some unusual circumstance. But come in, sir, come in. Lily dear, run in and tell Sarah to light the lamps in the parlour."

And while she spoke Mrs. Tennant looked over to their single man servant who had come round to the entrance at the sound of the hoof-falls to take his master's horse.

"Take care of this gentleman's horse, John."

Mr. Somers stepped back to speak with the man himself.

"Groom her well, but don't give her any water until she is cool. She has come without sagging. And, my man, get ready your own horse and carriage, and fit the horse for swift driving. Mrs. Tennant must go to her husband at once."

The man stared in stupid wonder and a little dismay.

"You don't mean—" said he, and stopped.

"Your master has met with an accident," said Somers, and went back to the mistress who stood still on the threshold.

The parlour windows were one glow of cheery light.

Arthur Somers' heart faltered as he entered the bright, charming little room.

"Some unusual affair; perhaps the presence of some literary celebrity has detained him there, and he sent you to save us alarm," Mrs. Tennant said, a little wistfully, as though already a trifle homesick.

"Not exactly that, madam; an accident which prevented his return."

At that moment James Fort's pale, tear-marked face looked in at the open door.

"You have broken the news, have you, sir?" stammered he, his voice breaking down with the effort.

The little woman turned around with an eye flashing like a tigress.

"What is it? You have not told me. Something dreadful has happened?" she demanded.

"That horse—that miserable horse," was all James could articulate.

Mrs. Tennant's face turned deadly pale. She clasped her hands piteously, and exclaimed:

"My husband is killed. Sidney Tennant is dead."

"No, no," answered Arthur Somers, hastily. "He is badly hurt, but not dead. We all hope that he may recover. I have come to take you to him, as I promised him I would."

"He wants me; Sidney wants me. Oh, I must be calm and steady," exclaimed she, turning her dry eyes piteously to him.

"Yes, undoubtedly you will be a great help to him as well as an inexpressible comfort. He suffers severely. The horse fell and rolled upon him, breaking his leg. He is at Fort's Office, and if you will be ready the man will soon bring the carriage to the door."

He would not grieve her with the cruel description of her husband's suffering while waiting for help.

"Only a limb broken," murmured she. "Heaven be praised that it is no worse. I must be ready at once. Lily, call Sarah, to put up my wraps, while I get ready some of his clothes—and that jelly he is fond of. Do you think, sir, it is possible to bring him home? He will be so much more contented here."

"I hardly think it would be safe; but when I left we were scarcely aware of the extent of his injuries."

She shuddered, and then hurried away. The little girl, in a quiet womanly way, had performed her errand. She came back now and went up to James Fort, who stood the picture of inconceivable dismay.

"James Fort," said she, "it is something more terrible than his leg broken. My new father is going to die."

"Oh, Lily, I am afraid so," burst forth the boy. "I am so frightened about him. He looks like one dead now, and Doctor Wallace shook his head when he came away."

Arthur Somers was touched by the expression of the sweet little face, which he observed now for the first time.

"Oh, James," cried Lily, in a low, agonised voice, "if only I might die for him, and give him back to her. What will she do without him, when she loves him so?"

"Dear child," said Arthur, taking the little trembler up in his arms. "You must not give up hope so suddenly. Master Fort has never seen any one very ill, and Mrs. Tennant's pale face frightened him. I by no means despair of his recovery, although I cannot deny that this is a very serious accident."

She looked up gratefully in his face.

"Thank you, sir; oh, thank you, sir. It is so much to have only a little hope."

The beautiful blue eyes were shining through the soft dew of tears. The golden curls were pushed back, and showed the full white forehead with its delicate tracery of veins at the temple.

Arthur Somers bent his head and kissed her with sudden vehemence.

"Who was it for?" asked Lily, looking up into

his face with those grave, precocious eyes of hers.

"Who did you think I was when you kissed me?" Arthur coloured slightly as he replied.

"Part for yourself, my dear, and part for a little fellow to whom you bear a likeness, which struck me at the moment."

"What is his name?" asked Lily again, with an eager look on her face.

Arthur Somers could not exactly tell why, but the question annoyed him. He answered her at once, however:

"His name is Maurice. It is Lady Fitzdonald's little son I mean."

Lily sighed, and gently stepped down from his knee.

"Now," said she, "I must go to help my new mother. I wish she would take me with her. I would not make any trouble, nor disturb him, in the least."

She repeated this wish to Mrs. Tennant when she came in cloaked and hooded.

"If it is the worst, we fear, I will send for you, darling, and if such a thing is possible, I shall have him brought home. I know he will be happiest here. Be good and quiet, and in your innocent prayers to-night remember him. Now, Mr. Somers, I am ready. You will leave your horse and go in the carriage. We can send it to you to-morrow."

"And I will stay here all morning. I would rather go back in the daylight," exclaimed James.

"Please let me stay, Mrs. Tennant."

"I have no objection, I am sure. Lily will rather supper with you, then. I have given Sarah what directions I can think of. But they are few, because—because I seem all the time to see him suffering, and calling for me."

She shuddered as she spoke, and went hastily out, but came back as hastily.

"Mr. Somers, I beg your pardon. I am taking you on this hurried journey without a particle of refreshment. Please come out. The table is all waiting—waiting for him," she added, with a sob in her voice, although her face was still stooped to its unnatural calm.

"I will not detain you an instant, madam," he said. "If the carriage is ready let us proceed at once. But it would be better for you to take a cup of tea at least; it would fit you better for the night before you."

"You are right. I must keep myself well and strong. He must lack no care from any weakness of mine. Come, we will have some tea."

It occupied but a few minutes, for despite her heroic efforts, Mrs. Tennant could not eat. Arthur Somers would not detain her an instant, and was the first to rise. The children came also to look out and follow the carriage with wistful eyes, and to clasp each other by the hand with overflowing tears as the last rumble of the wheels died away.

The Vinery for the first time in its experience was without master or mistress.

CHAPTER XI.

THE carriage had scarcely disappeared and the children were yet in the doorway when a man was seen by them coming rapidly down the drive.

"Someone is coming to tell us he is dead," exclaimed James, in a tone of keen alarm, for he could not recover from the shock he had received from the sight of Mr. Tennant's deadly face and horribly crushed limbs, and every nerve was quivering with grief and horror.

"No, oh, no," returned Lily, more steadily, bending down to examine the advancing figure more closely. "I think—yes, I am sure—it is Uncle Dick. Oh, Uncle Dick, I am so glad to see you," she added, running down the steps to meet him. "It is so long since you were here, and we had such sad news to-night, and are so lonely and dreary."

"My darling, my darling; what are you well enough to be out here?" exclaimed Dick, catching her up and covering the little hands and the fair forehead, and even the golden curls with his kisses.

"Oh, yes, I am well now. I ride and walk and play in the sun, and am happy as the day is long, only to-night—we have had terrible news to-night, Uncle Dick—and Mrs. Tennant—mother, you know—has gone to him. He is hurt very much, and James is afraid he will die."

"Who is hurt?" asked Dick, still fondling the little hands.

"Mr. Tennant, sir," said James; "very bad. Such a sight I never saw, and Dr. Wallace shook his head when he came away, and at the very best there must be an amputation, he said."

And in rather incoherent language James told the story. Dick was greatly concerned, and looked as

sorrowful and dismayed as they could have expected.

"I'm sorry, I'm very sorry on my own account. My heart bleeds for them," said he, shaking his head dismally. "Maybe this explains the shadow which has been hanging on me all the week. It would be a awful thing just now if they should cast you adrift once more, Lily."

"It won't cast her adrift," replied James, promptly.

"Mrs. Tennant will love her and need her all the more if anything really happens to him. But Lily, you ought not to stay out here. There's Sarah calling you."

"Let us go in all of us into the sitting-room, I'm so glad Uncle Dick has come. It won't seem quite so dismal without them," said Lily. And still holding Dick Marston's hand she led the way.

Sarah, on perceiving who was with them, went to her own supper.

Lily put Dick into an armchair and got upon his knee. He held her closely, but remained with drooping head and disturbed face, saying not a word, though with many innocent devices Lily tried to break the spell of silence upon him. She finally slipped down and brought to James a great book of engravings and legends which Mr. Tennant had recently received from the publishers to be reviewed and when he was fairly interested in it she left him and came back to her place on Dick's knee.

"You are very much troubled, Uncle Dick," whispered she.

"I'm thinking a good deal. I don't know but I ought to have told him your story, Lily. He had a sound judgment and could have helped me the best way of going to work. It will be a blow to lose him in case—in case some one else plays me false. I thought I wouldn't tell him a word until I could tell him all, and now, now there's a fear of losing his help, I'm frightened lest I have done wrong."

"You did what you thought was best, that is enough. And perhaps we may not lose him. The gentlemen told me he had a great deal of hope about him."

"What gentleman?"

"I don't know who he was. He came for Mrs. Tennant, and he took me up and kissed me, part by said for myself and part for a little boy I looked like, and the boy's name is Maurice, and he is Lady Fitzdonald's son. I saw him in his velvet jacket and gold buttons once when I was at Mrs. Higgins's. I remembered him when he told me."

Dick was holding her hands with a grasp that pained her.

"A gentleman, and he said that. What was he like? Had he blue eyes and fair hair and a gay smile?"

"No, oh no, nothing like that. He was dark and grave, and sorrowful, and his eyes were black, and so was his hair."

Dick Marston drew a long breath of relief.

"You frightened me. I was afraid he had ferreted you out."

"He, who?" questioned Lily, wonderingly.

"One who says he will be a friend, but who has hitherto been an enemy. I trust him, and yet I do not trust him," he said, musingly. "I am to meet him to-morrow, and—and I—I am oppressed with a strange foreboding—that is all, Lily, and you will see what you have told me about this accident does not help to lighten my heart."

Lily, scarcely knowing what answer she ought to give, for lack of any better, reached up and kissed him. He folded her close to his breast, in which she could hear his heart beating tumultuously.

"Lily! Lily!" cried he, "your innocent affection is all the joy and happiness I know. Heaven, surely, will not be less merciful in its judgment there than here. I do not fear! I will not fear. You will remember that I said it, if—"

"If what?" Uncle Dick, questioned Lily, in a troubled voice.

"If the time should come when I shall not be here to tell you about it?"

She did not, or would not, understand him.

"You are going away, Uncle Dick, are you?"

"Not that I know of, Lily. But this has set me thinking how accidents may come, anyhow, anywhere, and everyone should be in readiness. The proofs that are needed for your case are in a secret hiding place. Perhaps after I have this talk with him I had better give them into some responsible care, and put the whole affair into the hands of some good and just man. I am thinking it is hardly wise of me to keep such secrecy. I have been worrying over it ever since I was here before, and I had half determined to tell Mr. Tennant everything this very night. But that you see can't be."

He was evidently talking as much to himself as to her, and Lily, though she kept her eyes wistfully upon him, did not interrupt him.

"Yes," he went on "just as soon as I've this one talk with him, I'll settle the matter. I was troubled enough before that I had to fail because they put me on the night work. But I sent him word, and he set this night that's coming. I said I'd trust him that much, to wait till the time he set, and I will. It is hard for me that will need so much pardon myself, to be harsh even with him. I'll give him this one chance to do right, I will, let it cost me what it may."

"Dear Uncle Dick," said Lily, filled with vague alarm, "don't be careless, will you?"

"No, little one, not careless at all, and very, very careful of your interest. I won't take them about with me after this, I'll give them into safe keeping, sure enough. What if anything should happen to me? Who would look after you being righted, and what would there be to show for it? Yes, I must be very careful, and I will."

And his hand crept to his vest, and his fingers closed over the wooden handle of the dagger, that never left him night or day.

James, by this time, had got through his book. He laid it down and came over to them, heaving a heavy sigh.

"Oh, dear, what a dismal evening. I wish I knew—"

"So do I," echoed Lily. "Oh, if I could only know he would be well again, it seems to me nothing else would ever trouble me."

Dick Marston looked at her, wistfully.

"Do you already love him so much?" he asked.

"Very much, and for her sake still more, because—because she is like my own mother, and she cannot be happy without him, you know."

And then a moment after she added, turning to him with one of her loving smiles.

"But I love you just as well, Uncle Dick; you must never forget that."

"And I love you, Lily, so much, that whatever risk I have run, whatever comes of it, I only count it pleasure and profit if it brings to you your rights; never forget that, Lily."

There was a solemnity in the tone which surprised James Fort, and he asked, presently:

"Is your work at the mill dangerous? Have any hands been killed there?"

"I don't know. I'm sure all things are dangerous under certain circumstances."

Lily went to the table, and took up a little box, and hunting among the printed cards, there brought forth one and read the bible text engraved upon it:

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

"Mamma gave it to me yesterday," said she, "I did not think then I should find so much comfort from it."

"Read it again, Lily," said Dick, in a low voice. She read it; and found other verses still more comforting. He listened with grave, quiet attention, only saying:

"It was one good thing in Mrs. Higgins that she allowed you to learn to read."

"Ah, yes, but the kind Sunday school teacher bribed her to obtain her consent. I shall give my gratitude to that kind lady, rather than to Mrs. Higgins."

But here Sarah, who had looked in two or three times and withdrawn, came to say that it was an hour past the little girl's bedtime, and she must really go.

Lily rose obediently, although it was plain to see she shrank from the lonely room, the long hours of the night. She went to put away her cards, but Dick Marston called her back.

"Give me that one you first read, I will keep it till I come again."

She took it out, and handed it to him with a smile. He put it carefully in his pocket, and rose to take leave.

"Well, good night, darling Lily, I shall come again soon, because I shall be anxious to hear from Mr. Tennant."

"Good night, Uncle Dick, good night, James," said Lily.

Dick had already crossed the threshold, but he turned back with a smile, half playful, half solemn. "One more kiss, Lily."

She gave it with both hands around his neck, and ran back to Sarah, unwilling to keep her waiting.

"You'll come again soon, Uncle Dick."

"Yes, darling."

And they parted thus, and there was never another meeting on earth for these two—never another. So important and futile are human plans and promises.

Lily went away to her bed, but had such grave, wakeful eyes, that Sarah had compassion, and sat

down beside her, and talked soothingly a long while, telling her about all the people she had ever known who had been unfortunate enough to break a limb, and how, out of them all, not one had ever died. And Lily repeated her text and smiled hopefully, and presently the little eyelids dropped softly to the pure, pale cheek, and the breath came regularly and gently between the rosy lips, and Lily was sweetly asleep. Sarah stood looking at her in silent commiseration.

"She has a tender heart of her own, dear little thing, and who would think by her looks she came here like a beggar. If the master is really to die, who knows what will become of her? Poor little thing."

And then Sarah went down to cheer up Master James, who was heartily home sick, wishing that he had gone home and braved whatever news might be there, rather than remained here in suspense, in a house that seemed to have lost all its sunshine and beauty.

She at last persuaded him to go to a chamber he had always occupied on his visits to the Vinery, and once there, he yielded to the fatigue and re-action of the day's extreme excitement, and notwithstanding his declaration that he "should not sleep a wink that night," half an hour's acquaintance with the pillow took him into sound slumber.

And afar on the dim highway Dick Marston, or Ralph Howard as was really his rightful name, was hurrying forward towards the mill, in which he was to keep the night watch, his heart very full, and yet not all of bitter or unhappy memories, for he continued to repeat to himself the comforting words of the text Lily had given him.

But he and Lily were never to look upon each other's mortal faces again—never again.

(To be Continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

IN addition to Mr. Spicer's romantic play of "Haska," Mr. Chatterton has revived the wild, weird, and impressive drama of "The Corsican Brothers," so well remembered as one of the greatest "hits" of the manager-actor Charles Kean, at the "Princess's," a quarter of a century ago, and afterwards expanded by Mr. E. T. Smith, into an enormous play of five acts and nine tableaux, occupying some five hours in its representation, with the hapless G. V. Brooke as the twin brothers.

The Drury Lane version of Alexandre Dumas' powerful story seems that of Mr. Fechter of a later period. Mr. Henry Sinclair, an actor of bold and manly bearing, ably supported the title role as the twins, Louis and Fabian del Franchi. Miss Murielle imparted brightness and the pleasing accessories of a charming expression and musical voice to *Emilie de l'Espoir*. Miss Murielle has youth and intelligence and made a most favourable impression. Miss Cicely Nott was the stately Madame del Franchi; and Miss Clara Jecks a piquante and lively Rosette. Chateau Renaud found a melodramatic representative in Mr. Howard Russell; and the ill-reconciled Orlando and Colonna were played by Mr. F. Tyars and Mr. P. Hughes. The eventful supper party was in sprightly contrast with the gloomy and tragic sequel. This week the "Colleen Bawn" will be transplanted hither from the Adelphi.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.

THIS recent addition to our West-end Theatres has certainly shown in the variety, quality, and general excellence of its entertainments what may be called a good *raison d'être*. Mr. W. S. Gilbert's version of Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations" is perhaps one of the best examples of a skilful adaptation of a novel crowded with characters, and overflowing with comic situations, to the exigencies of the stage. A portion of the plot is taken, and those characters only who are engaged in working out that plot are introduced. Hence the superiority, as a play, of Mr. Gilbert's arrangement over the crowded and often desultory series of situations and people in the renderings of other novels of the great fiction writer.

The rough, honest pathos of "Joe Gargery" was especially given by Mr. James Fawn, and Mr. Dewar displayed remarkable talent in his presentation of "Joggers." Mr. Belford, an actor too long absent from

the London boards, gave a most effective reading to the difficult character of the gloomy, revengeful "Orlick." The last, but not least, of the four leading male personages of the piece, "Magwitch," was entrusted to Mr. E. F. Edgar, and it is but fair to say that it was a judicious selection; it was a careful and intelligent impersonation. The boy "Pip," played by Miss Maggie Brennan, was received with the warmest plaudits by a crowded audience, and well she deserved them. Miss Julia Roselle was "Biddy," Miss Henri, "Estella," and Miss Kate Manor, "Mrs. Gargery." The stage management was creditable, and the scenery, especially a picture of the lonely old church in the dreary Essex marsh, by Mr. Perkins, an artistic production. With such a cast, liberal appointments, and a comfortable house for seeing and hearing "Great Expectations" cannot be disappointed in a run at the Aquarium Theatre.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—MR. & MRS. GERMAN REED.

MR. GILBERT A'BECKETT has written a novel, clever, and amusing entertainment for the evergreen artistes, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, and their talented company. It is entitled "The Two Foster Brothers," and bids fair to rival in popular favour its lively predecessor, "The Three Tenants." The action opens in the kitchen of an old farmhouse in "Zemmerathshire," and the main incident is the odd concoct of the reversal of the characters of a baronet and a ploughboy. The foster brothers, the Ploughboy (Mr. Reed), and the Baronet (Mr. Corney Grain), are supposed to have been changed at nurse, and the result of the discovery leads to a most amusing series of complications. Mr. Corney Grain thereupon becomes the Ploughboy, and with a smock frock over his trousers by Pools, a fashionable hat, and an umbrella to shade his complexion from the sun, proceeds to feed the pigs with the fresh cream in pursuance of his new calling. Mr. Reed also shines forth in full glory of Regent Street attire, but still retains the rustic gait and uncouth manners of his former calling. The mistress of the farmhouse, a fascinating country maiden, by Miss Leonora Bonham, might well charm either baronet or rustic. Then there is Mr. Arthur Law, as a solicitor of entomological tastes, and a passion for butterflies is a fitting adjunct to the picture, while Mrs. German Reed, ever the delightful centre of attraction, presents us with a lady of fashion with a natural vivacity that all the world admires and appreciates.

The music, too, by Mr. Alfred Collier, is finished and clever in composition. A trio for men's voices in unison, was heartily re-demanded, for its quaintness and novelty. Altogether Mr. A'Beckett's "Foster Brothers" promises a long and merry life, though they may not obtain the length of days or nights vouchsafed by popular favour to "Our Boys."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

HERE we have a new comediante, under the name of "Extremes Meet," written by Miss Kate Field, or rather adapted from a French "proverbe," as a lever de rideau to the capital play of "Les Dancieffs." It is clever, lively, and what is so seldom found, is thoroughly English in its conception, characters, and dialogue. Captain Robert Howard, being appointed guardian and trustee to his younger brother, peremptorily refuses his consent to the latter's marriage with a young lady. To secure her sister's happiness, Maud Stanley (Miss Kate Field) resolves upon a stratagem. She enters the woman-hating captain's house, and by the clever exercise of her feminine witcheries, conquers the captain himself, who proposes to her. The conditions may be easily guessed. The misogynist, converted into "a marrying man," cannot refuse his consent to his brother's union, and thus all parties are made happy. There is a cheerful and happy spirit throughout the piece, and the minor characters by Miss Maria Daley and Miss Ada Morgan, with Mr. Macklin, went smoothly.

Her Majesty's Theatre, the original home of Opera in England, so long dumb and voiceless, is again to assemble the lovers of the highest order of lyric drama in its walls. Mr. Mapleson returns to his old, but renovated house, and will open the season, 1877, on Saturday the 28th of April.

The obstinate "Tooth" which Lord Penzance, after so much trouble, extracted from Hacham, has by a process of "painless dentistry" been replaced by an "artificial Tooth," now to be seen daily in Baker Street. We have all sorts of these articles advertised, "incorrodible," "metallic," "enamel," "adamantine," &c., &c., but this is the first time we have heard of "A Tooth" made in wax.



[THE SECOND FLOOR BACK.]

THE GOLDEN BOWL.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Glytis Cranbourne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE "SECOND FLOOR BACK."

WATERLOO ROAD, three o'clock in the afternoon, on a damp, muggy day in November, presented about as great a contrast to the hills and valleys of Clovelly and the stately magnificence of the Court, as it was very well possible to find.

And yet, but twenty-four hours had elapsed since Carrie entered the blue drawing-room to speak to her cousin to the present moment when she started on foot from the railway station to seek a room or shelter, which for a time, at least, she could call her home.

A most unfortunate locality in which to look for what she wanted, but of this Carrie was ignorant. The line back from Clapham Junction to Waterloo Station had struck her as being the most convenient, and here she had come to look for lodgings and to hide herself.

Following the stream of pedestrians rather than from any definite idea or intention of her own, Carrie walked towards the river, looking vainly about for anything that was at all likely to suit her.

But there was such a noise and bustle, such a hurrying to and fro, that the country girl grew bewildered, and at one point, in attempting to cross the road, she became so confused, that she would certainly have been run over, if a policeman, perceiving her danger, had not rushed to the rescue and dragged her somewhat roughly on to the pavement.

"Can't you see where you're going?" he asked in an injured tone, "do you want to get killed?"

"No, I am very much obliged to you. I have never been in London alone before; as you have been so kind, perhaps you can tell me where to look for lodgings. I thought they were everywhere, but I can't see any."

"You'll get no decent lodgings without luggage," was the brusque, suspicious reply.

"Oh, I have plenty of luggage at the railway station."

"Well, this is a rum neighbourhood for a lady to be looking for lodgings in, but I s'pose you know your business best. There's Stamford Street, and plenty of lodgings to let in it; only mind the kind of house you get into. There's a house about a dozen doors down on the other side, she's a rough, hard old woman that keeps it, but she's decent. I can't mind the number, but you will see a card in the window. I see it when I passed an hour ago."

"Oh, thank you very much?" and slipping a half a crown into the policeman's hand, she crossed to the north side of Stamford Street.

Policeman X.Y.Z. looked after her, and then at the coin in his palm, doubtfully.

"Something wrong here," he muttered, "no paint about her; run away from friends, perhaps; if I wasn't on duty I'd go and help her to find lodgings, if she goes to Mother Thompson's, however, I'm safe to see her again."

At which point of his reflections, another distressed female being in danger of coming to grief under carriage wheels, he darted to her assistance, and for the time Carrie passed out of his thoughts.

About a dozen doors down was the direction; but Policeman X.Y.Z. was by no means sure of the number of houses to be passed, and about six doors from where she crossed the street, a card, with the words on it, "Apartments Furnished," caught the girl's eye.

"Perhaps this is the one," thought Carrie, and she knocked at the door.

So long did she wait for an answer that she had lifted her hand to knock again when the door was opened by a coarse-looking woman, of some fifty years of age, with an expression of countenance that looked as though she had inadvertently bitten an unripe gooseberry, and carrying a tallow candle in her hand, though the gloomy daylight had not yet disappeared, presented herself, looked at Carrie suspiciously, and asked:

"What do you want?"

"You have apartments to let."

"And what if I have?"

"I should like to look at them."

"Are you married?"

"Married!" replied Carrie, in astonishment.

"No."

"Then they're not for the likes of you," and

without further ceremony the door was slammed in her face.

Unused as she was to such treatment, the girl felt more puzzled than indignant.

"Are only married people supposed to need shelter and a home, I wonder," she asked herself, and for a moment her heart sank and she began dimly to realise that she had taken a step in life which society of every grade would regard as imprudent if not criminal.

There was no time, however, to be lost in giving way to such thoughts as these; the short winter's day was drawing to a rapid close, and a shelter of some description she must find before night set in.

She did think of returning to the policeman for advice a second time, but that seemed so weak and helpless, besides, she might have made a mistake in the house, this certainly was not a dozen doors down, so she walked on, resolved to try again.

Once more she pauses before "Apartments Furnished," but she is by no means as brave and self-assured as on her first trial, and when at length she does knock at the door, it is far more timidly than she has ever previously handled a knocker.

A few seconds later, and a small "slavery," with Irish blue eyes, tumbled yellow hair, the cover of a pin cushion hanging on the back of her head, and a print dress decidedly soiled which seemed to have a rooted objection to being kept closed across the full, plump chest, opened the door and asked:

"What do you please to want, miss?"

Carrie breathed a sigh of relief, at any rate she would not be insulted here, and she said in a sweet voice:

"I am looking for lodgings, a policeman at the corner said I should find some in a respectable house about a dozen doors down, but he had forgotten the number, I hope this is the one?"

"Oh, yes, that's my Joe: a big, fine man, ain't he, with whiskers and moustache, looks as if he might be a life guardsman, that's him, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"And he said the missus was a Tartar and a Turk in one, didn't he?"

"Something to that effect."

"It's all right, but I'll call her up," and the sharp little creature disappeared into the lower regions.

Several seconds elapsed before she came up again accompanied by a grim female, whose face looked as though it might have been cut out of mahogany.

"I've only got a bedroom empty at present, and I

don't think it likely to suit you," she said, eyeing Carrie's handsome travelling suit with evident dissatisfaction.

"Perhaps you will let me see it?" said Carrie, gently, and the lodging-house keeper having taken a second hard stare at her face, grumbled assent, and led the way up a narrow staircase, badly carpeted, till she came to the second floor back room, the door of which she opened.

To Carrie's eyes, accustomed to the luxury and splendour of Clovelly Court, this seemed a miserable hole into which she would not put a servant, though in point of fact, she might have gone further and fared worse, as far as London lodging-houses go.

But she could not afford to be fastidious, a shelter was what she wanted, here it was, she liked the lady's face too, and she determined that her search should end here for the night at least, if she could manage it.

"I don't know where I could put all my luggage," she said, looking about somewhat hopelessly. "You have no larger room to let?"

"No, not this week, but I might have next," the allusion to luggage having dissipated one doubt.

"And what is the rent?"

"Ten and sixpence a week in advance."

"I will take it. Can you let me have a fire, and get me some tea and something to eat with it, while I go and fetch my boxes from the railway station. I shall not be long," and Carrie opened her well-filled purse and produced a sovereign, the sight of which, particularly when it touched her own palm, had a wonderful effect upon the mahogany-faced female.

"Yes, miss." She had not said miss or ma'am before. "Sally and me 'll get the place ready in half an hour; would you like a chop or steak, or—"

"Anything," was the reply. "I am cold and tired. I have just come up from Dorsetshire; you will call me Miss Carey, please, and your name is?"

"Miss Thompson, ma'am."

"Very well, Miss Thompson, I shall be back again very soon," and so saying, Carrie started off for the railway station, taking care to note the number of the house in which she was to take up her residence.

Policeman X.Y.Z. stared, and wondered if he had taken a glass too much and his mental faculties had thereby become obscured, when the handsome young lady who had tipped him so liberally came to his side and gravely said:

"Thank you for sending me to Miss Thompson's house. I have taken lodgings there," and then with a graceful bow passed on.

"Bless it that don't eat all I've ever seed afore," muttered the worthy guardian of the peace, as he watched the graceful and retreating figure. "She's got the ways of a duchess, only of a duchess who doesn't say, 'fellar go there,' or 'do that,' but as speaks to a man as if he was a human being. If all the aristocracy was like her, now, I'd turn Tory to-morrow, that I would. I'll keep my eye upon that young lady, that I will, and Sally's the girl as will find out what grit there's in her; my word for it."

X.Y.Z.'s services at this juncture were required to keep the traffic for the benefit of foot passengers, and consequently his mental reflections became interrupted.

But so great an impression had Carrie's liberality and civility made upon him, that at the first pause his mind, never capable of two ideas at a time, reverted back to her and his own ever present desire of getting on in the "fines."

"If she'd only turn out to be a runaway heiress, and I could get the reward and move up a step or two, why then I'd marry Sally, and get a little home of our own, and be as 'appy as two birds on one twig."

The ideas which "two birds on one twig" suggested to the mind of X.Y.Z. were so overwhelming that his eyes failed to watch the accustomed crossing, and a reckless old woman who had been too generously pouring spirits down her throat to keep out the cold, and in consequence growing valiant against a handsome cab, attempted to pass it, was knocked over, then picked up and sent to a hospital.

The consequence of which was that X.Y.Z. did not see Carrie return to her lodgings in a cab which momentarily threatened to turn over with the weight and number of boxes piled upon and packed into it, and therefore had to take the whole for granted upon Sally's testimony.

In little over an hour after she had knocked at Miss Thompson's door, Carrie Carow had returned back to the house with her numerous trunks, which had already from their number become somewhat of a burden to her.

"Everybody seems to look at me," she thought, as she surveyed the whole pile; "and yet it never used to be so when papa and I were travelling together, and we had our servants to look after the luggage. Now I observe that a lady travelling alone seldom has more than one or two trunks with her. I must remember it in future. I really believe I could be traced were there anyone interested enough to do it, and simply through my boxes."

The "second floor back" as Miss Thompson termed it was by no means uninviting in appearance when Carrie returned to it.

First of all there was a fire, which in itself gave a cheerful aspect to a room, then a cushioned American chair had been brought in, heavy red curtains considerably the worse for wear, were hung over the draughty window, and the small round table was covered with a cloth, which if not of snowy whiteness professed to be clean, while the bed, and all things pertaining to a sleeping apartment, were as well covered over and made to look like the furniture of any ordinary sitting-room as possible.

A few minutes after her return with her luggage the once mistress of Clovelly came to the conclusion that hunger could certainly not be confined to class or sex, and when Sally appeared, as she did soon after, with a tray, on which was tea and a well-cooked chop, the self-called girl felt that life even under these circumstances was worth living for, and that the absolute necessities of life after all were but few.

And then, while Carrie is eating her chop and going to bed quietly, in peace and security, Mrs. Winstay and Lady Mary Moncton are sending telegrams right and left, and feeling as though they should go frantic. Frederick Moncton is on his way to town, and even Sir Philip Walsingham is stung by the conviction that he has believed like a villain.

CHAPTER XIX.

"WHO IS THAT WOMAN I MET ON THE STAIRS?"

"SLEEP that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care," came upon Carrie Carow that night with a sweetness and refreshing calm, such as her guilty cousin might well have envied.

The hard bed, the rough sheets, the shabby room in which she was to live and sleep, and eat, and drink, were all lost upon her; worn out with excitement, fatigue and anxiety, she slept on, while the hands of the clock accomplished their twelve hour's journey.

Even then she might not have opened her eyes, but Sally, who had definite ideas about the propriety of beds being made before twelve o'clock, knocked at the door, and continued knocking until favoured with an answer:

"Will you let me come in, miss, and light your fire," was the question, and the young lady, still but half awake, jumped out of bed, and unlocked the door.

"It's half-past ten, miss, shall I bring up your breakfast?" asked Sally, noting with dissatisfaction that Carrie had got into bed again.

"I have not had my bath yet," was the reply; "I suppose I can have one?"

"For bless you, miss, there isn't a bath in the whole house; I'll put on the kettle and you can have a drop of hot water here soon; but it's all the bath you'll get in this house, though there is the public baths not far up the road."

"That is wretched, but it cannot be helped. Yes, I will have some breakfast, please," and as soon as Sally closed the door behind her, she got out of bed and began to dress.

But the fire would not burn brightly, the chimney began to smoke, and by the daylight which came in through the window, Carrie could see the clumsy dais in the carpet, the stain on the little red table cloth, and the ragged condition of the once white counterpane.

She was soon dressed. Black admits of but little variety, deep mourning is of itself almost enough to make one gloomy; and despite her refreshing sleep, my heroine felt sad and depressed with the aspect of everything around her, and with the vague, uncertain future which lay before her in the course she had taken.

Already she was beginning to doubt the wisdom of this rash hurrying from the scenes in which she had lived, to those in which she now found herself. True she had been deeply wounded and greatly irritated, but for all that she had punished herself, and those who cared for her, by this act, rather than Hilda or her recalcitrant lover, Sir Philip Walsingham.

More than this, she had broken her word to Mr.

Shrapnell, for had she not promised to take no important step without consulting him? and here, at the first provocation, she had done so. The least she could now do was to write and apologise to him, arranging for some medium through which he might communicate to her in case he had news of importance.

Thus thinking, standing by the open window, which commanded a view of the roofs and promises of a colony of small houses almost exclusively occupied by the lowest class of Irish families, she was wondering the meaning of various sounds that fell on her ear, when Sally came into the room, banging the tray down upon the table, to the imminent danger of the crockery.

"I won't wait upon them girls, missus may do it herself, that she may!" was Sally's exclamation; "a trimmy lot of balled girls ordering me about! I'll let them know I'm respectable, and not used to the shrieking and pouting of such pussies as them."

"What is the matter?" asked Carrie, in some amusement, "and what are those sounds?" looking up towards the ceiling.

"That's it, miss, that's them young women engaged at the Waterloo Bridge; three of them is in the ballet, and the 'other is in the chorus; and that's what they calls practising, and they've been covering of me because I wouldn't leave my bacon to frizzle away to fat, and go and letch them a pot of porter."

"Swearing!" with an expression of horror.

"Oh, yes, they make nothing of that; but don't mind 'em, miss, come and eat your breakfast while it's hot. Here's the loveliest bit of streaky bacon as you ever set eyes on, and two ounces of the best butter, which you'd best keep upstairs," with a knowing wink, "and when you've done, please let me know, and I'll make the bed and put the room tidy, that is unless you are going out."

"Very well, I will ring, but can you tell me where the 'Daily Telegraph' office is?"

"Oh, yes, miss, you just go down to the end of the street, and over Blackfriars Bridge, and then turns to your left down Fleet Street, and you'll see it there stuck up to look like a clock when you gets about half way down. I've been there many a time, I always 'tices in the 'Daily Telegraph' when I've oad of a place."

"You what?"

"Tires; puts a 'tissement in, saying, I wants a place, and I gets lots of answers. 'Tisn't now as it used to be with servants. They doesn't grow like blackberries on bushes, and a servant can pick her place now, instead of the missus picking her out. Glad I didn't live twenty years ago; folks weren't as spry as they is now."

"No, I suppose not—thank you," and Carrie was left alone to eat her breakfast.

Such a breakfast. So unlike the dainty and luxurious repasts at Clovelly Court.

The "lovely streaky bacon" was an eighth of an inch thick, and only half cooked; the boiled egg on being opened smelt as strong as to be unwholesome, and the butter, recommended as being the very best, was possessed of such a flavour, that the French roll, which was decidedly good, seemed far preferable without it.

Hunger is a wonderful sauce, however, and the bacon and bread, besides half of the tea, had disappeared, when Sally came to clear away the remainder.

"I'll take a walk by the river for half-an-hour, I think, while you sweep up the room," observed Carrie.

"Yes, do, miss; but mind you don't lose yourself. If you've not been in London before it's easy enough not to find your way back. If you goes over Waterloo Bridge and turns down the steps at the other end of it, you'll get on the Embankment; and you can walk about there and nobody take no notice of you; if 'twas summer too you could take a book and sit in the gardens; it's what I does myself very often, but it's too cold now; you'll have to walk about pretty sharp to keep warm."

"Thank you, that is where I will go, but I shall not be very long; you will keep the fire lit, won't you?"

And then, attired in the dress in which she had travelled from Clovelly, very handsome mourning, fitting her graceful figure as only a first-rate modiste seems to know how to make it, Carrie walked out into the streets, the eyes of more than one person as she passed turning to look after her.

She has passed the toll-house of Waterloo Bridge, and is standing looking down into the water. What stories she has read of this place. How many miserable sinners

"Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery;
Swift to be buried
Anywhere, anywhere out of the world."

had come here to take a last look at earth and sky before closing their eyes upon them for ever.

She thinks of it with a shudder; the cold air from the river seems to come up and strike her face with its icy breath, saying, "Go back, go back," and she turns away and hurries on, not, however, before she has attracted the attention of one of the toll-house keepers for the time off duty, who had first of all been struck by her fair, lovely face, then by her deep mourning, and the look of longing terror that came over her features as she watched the water rolling so swiftly beneath her feet.

He kept his eye on her till she was off the bridge, which it seemed to him his duty to do; and an hour later, perhaps, for the sake of her pretty face, he was glad to see her come back again unharmed.

Meanwhile Sally Bowker had been industrious, though not perhaps in a manner Carrie would have approved of.

Her curiosity had been greatly excited the previous night by the arrival of trunks and portmanteaus, amounting to eight in number, and all possessed too by this young lady, who was indeed and so much more, and who, therefore, would not be likely, one would suppose, to require any very great variety of costume or much luggage.

Nevertheless, there they were. Eight boxes, some of them empty, though some were certainly heavier than the others, and Sally was particularly anxious to examine them.

"Miss Carey, passenger to London," was written on them, but Sally's keen eye had some doubt about the "y" at the end of the surname, and on one box she was quite certain the original letter had been a "w."

"Plymouth to Paddington," she read, looking at the railway labels stuck on them: "Victoria to Clapham Junction; Clapham Junction to Waterloo." "You're not a good 'un at hiding, Miss Carey, or Carey, whichever you may be; only a baby would have left them labels on to tell where you've been. But my! shouldn't I like to look in them boxes. There's wonderful things there, I'll be bound; not as I'd take one of them, but I should like to see 'em."

The boxes had all been safely locked, and corded however, only one had been opened by the young lady on the previous night, and this, though not corded, was locked up again.

So Sally's curiosity for the time was baffled, and knowing her mistress would soon be calling her she hastened to do her work in tidying up the room.

As Carrie Carey came back from her walk and ascended the stairs to her own room, she met a woman, the sight of whom made her stagger and clutch the banister with astonishment, for it was as though she had seen her own face five years older, rouged and powdered, bearing the mark of dissipation in every feature, and yet, despite all this, the likeness was so great that she shivered to think that she might have had a twin sister who lived such a life, could become like this woman.

But no word was exchanged between them. Recovering from the momentary shock she passed on and gained her own room, where she found Sally leaning out of the window, listening with great attention to an animated dispute which was taking place in the Irish colony below.

"Who is that woman I met on the stairs?" asked Carrie, sinking into a chair, with her face paler than usual.

"What was she like, miss, dark?"

"No, fair; something like me."

"Like you!" with a contemptuous laugh. "Not much like you when she's not made up, miss. Your hair's your own and her's come from the hairdresser's and her complexion's all put on, just as her dress is; she's called Madlle. Nathalie, but her real name is Slocombe, Martha Slocombe: she's one of the ballet dancers I told you of, and the one that swears the loudest. If you'll take my advice, knowing what she is, you won't speak to her."

"Of course I shall not. You can bring me some luncheon in an hour's time, and bring me some ink now, I have letters to write."

When Sally returned with the ink her curiosity was slightly gratified, for one of the larger boxes was standing open, and on the table was a lady's writing-desk, such as she had never seen except in a few West-end shop windows, for it seemed to be made of ivory inlaid with gold and coral, all its fittings being ornamented with the same costly materials; the box, too, seemed to contain shawls and cloths of many

colours, while Carrie pointed to one which lay on the table, saying:

"Spread that over the bed, will you? that torn quilt is not a pretty sight."

"But isn't it too good, miss?"

"No. Besides it will make the bed look like a couch, and take off the appearance of its being a bedroom."

"Perhaps you expect somebody, miss?"

"No, I don't!" was the alarmed reply, "and I never shall have anyone to see me. I don't wish to see anyone either; no one, Sally."

"Yea, miss, I'll remember to forget your living here," and then she went, leaving the young lady alone.

Carrie's letter to the lawyer was brief and marked "private." She said:

"DEAR MR. SHRAENELL.—I am afraid you will be very angry at the step I have taken; but indeed I forgot my promise to you in the terrible shock I received before leaving Clavely. I am now in London, but don't try to find me, it would do no good as I will never return to the Court except in the same position as I have always held there. I do not believe Hilda's story; surely it can be disproved. If you have any news for me will you advertise it in the 'Daily Telegraph,' addressed: 'Miss Carey,' and signed 'See Gull.' I shall see it, and will either write to you or reply to it in the same way. Yours faithfully,"

"CAROLINE CAREW."

P.S.—Oblige me by forwarding the enclosed under cover.

This enclosure was a letter addressed to Mrs. Winstay, and still briefer than the last.

"DEAR WINSTAY," it began,—"I am in London, have a good appetite, and hope you won't worry yourself about me. I hope you did not telegraph to Lady Mary. In any case write and tell her I am well. With love, CAROLINE CAREW."

Her letters finished, she went out to post them herself.

"So ends this strange, eventful history," she said, as she turned away from the post office; "now to face the new life that is before me."

(To be Continued.)

FARMERS' FRIENDS.

THE swallow, swift, and night-hawk are the guardians of the atmosphere. They check the increase of insects that otherwise would overcloud it. Woodpeckers, creepers, and chickadees are guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows, and larks protect the surface of the soil—snipe and woodcock the soil under the surface.

Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that, if the birds were all swept away from the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, and insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand their attack.

The wholesale destruction occasioned by the grasshoppers which have lately devastated the West, says the *Dirigo Rural*, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning-out of the birds—such as grouse, prairie-hen, &c.—which feed upon them. The great and inestimable service done to the farmer, gardener and florist is becoming known only by sad experience.

Save the birds and save your fruit; the little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the vast quantities of noxious insects destroyed. The long persecuted crow has been found, by actual experiment, to do far more good by the vast quantities of grubs and insects he devours than the little harm he does in the few grains of corn he pulls up; he is one of the farmer's friends.

SAGACIOUS.—While taking his morning walk in the suburbs of a city, a surgeon found a little spaniel which had been lame. It excited his professional sympathy; he carried the poor little animal home, bandaged up his leg, and, after two or three days, turned him out. The dog, however, returned to the surgeon's home every morning, until his leg was perfectly well. At the end of several months, the spaniel again came, in company with another dog which was lame; and the little creature intimated, as well as piteous and intelligent looks could intimate, that he desired the same kind of assistance to be rendered to his friend as had been bestowed on himself.

Ten cultivation of the heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune and weed before we begin

A GIRL'S FIRST LOVE.

OTHERS may come after him—others usually do come after him, for seldom is it that a girl marries her first love—but to none does she ever attach that strange, intangible interest, sacred with never expressed pathos, which attaches to her first sweetheart. Her memory of him is like the faint delicate perfume which still clings about that first wild rose of summer that he gave her during the first tete-a-tete walk that they ever took together in the woods. How well she remembers it all! It was the first summer after she left school. It was a little out-of-the-way summer resort where she was staying with a party of friends, and where she chanced to come too, after meeting her, lingered.

She was a little flattered to find herself walking alone with him, quite by accident, of course; but tried to keep up a lively and natural conversation, and as a consequence, it was perfectly absurd, somewhat constrained, and altogether fragmentary.

Then he saw this rose, the only one upon a bush full of buds that grew close to the moss-grown trunk of a fallen tree just over the source of a tiny stream of water that wound, like a tangled thread, in and out among the trees. He gathered and gave it to her with a half-shy, half-laughing look—no transparently conscious in its endeavour to be unconscious; and with a remark intended to be sprightly.

And she took it, between a blush and a smile, with a swift look up from her eyes that were busily playing hide-and-seek under the becoming shelter of long lashes. She tucked it in at the waistband of her dress, just as she would have done any other rose.

He does not know—he never will know—that as soon as she was alone in her room, with the door locked, she drew it very carefully from her belt and kissed it daintily, though with suppressed passion, before she exalted it to the position of honour in her pet vase, a pretty *Clivia*, just big enough to hold this one flower fitly, and in honour of it filled carefully with clear cool water by her own pretty fresh fingers, as rosily tipped as those of Aurora in the act of drawing aside the curtain of the dawn.

What was the unspoken compact between them that caused her, standing before her glass in her simple white dress that evening, to pose her flowers stily among the burnished waves of her hair?

Will she ever forget how his eyes thanked her? Will she ever forget the night on which she wore it? Was there ever another night like that? Will there ever be again?

For her, no. For every girl who has to meet her first love, yes. There will be just one such for each girl, but never another.

Was it the earth she trod on? How beautiful everything was! As if it were just new made! The lights, the music, the gay chatter, bright smiles, ringing laughter! And when she danced with him she seemed to have wings to her feet. Then as he lay they were alone together in the cool, fragrant, dewy darkness outside; and to be together, to be arm-in-arm, to hear each other's voices, that was all they cared for. There was no other world for them that night. They were separated from our common earth by such a swift flowing tide of deep but unspoken delight. Unspoken, because young affection is too sacred for words. First love is born dumb, and learns speech but slowly. Deep down in each heart was the rapturous consciousness of loving and of being beloved by the other, which is worth a lifetime of "I love you's!"

It brimmed each heart with a sufficing delight, even as a flower-cup is brimmed with dew. The sun will drink the dew up by-and-by, even as the world drinks up this fountain of innocent gladness. But the dew has been in the flower-cup and in the girl's heart. First love, whose memory never departs.

The wild rose in her hair was withered when she again stood before her glass, with faded cheeks and a new brightness in her eyes. But she laid it as carefully as a young mother might lay her first-born in its cradle—between two pages of Tennyson, upon a poem that he had read to her the day before. It rests there still.

To a careless observer, what matters a worn copy of Tennyson, with a withered wild rose pressed between its leaves? But to her it is all that is left, may be, of the purest and tenderest romance of a girl's life—it is the gift of her first lover!

RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"My father the son of a blacksmith! Mamma, this Spencer girl says that my father was the son of a blacksmith," exclaimed Honoria, one morning bursting into the bedroom of Mrs. Pemberton like a very child, totally provoked out of her young-ladyish airs and graces.

Miss Honoria, with her pride and pretension, was very unpopular in the neighbourhood. Upon this particular morning Miss Spencer and her little niece, Bessy, had come over to spend the day at Coverdale Hall.

While waiting for Mrs. Pemberton to come down, Mrs. Lovel had entertained Miss Spencer in the sitting-room, and little Bessy asked Honoria to take her to see her new flower-garden.

Our young lady had complied in her haughty, tossy manner, behaving in the garden with so much insolence as to provoke little Bessy to do as children will sometimes do, taunt her with her father's origin, by saying:

"I'm sure you needn't put on so many airs to me, Miss Honoria, for your father was nothing but a poor blacksmith's son."

The blood rushed to the fair Honoria's face, and throbbed in the purple veins of her forehead. For a moment she was speechless and motionless with surprise and indignation. If she had heard her father accused of a crime, or being the son of a felon, she could scarcely have felt more grossly insulted, more outraged.

She did not believe it, of course; it was a malicious slander, she felt sure. For an instant she stood struck statue-still with astonishment and rage, and then, oblivious of all her womanish self-possession and propriety, she abruptly broke from her companion and rushed into Mrs. Pemberton's presence crimson, palpitating, and exclaiming:

"My father was the son of a blacksmith!"

The lady stood at her dressing-bureau, smoothing her black hair, previous to going downstairs to her visitor. She turned with surprise at the rude, unusual entree of Honoria, and hearing her indignant exclamation, she sat down in her chair and beckoned the excited girl to her side.

"What is it, Honoria?"

"Miss Spencer's niece dares to say that my father was the son of a blacksmith."

"The Redeemer of the world was the son of a carpenter, my dear."

"Mamma, I know that; but oh, think of the outrageous, insulting slander. My father the son of a blacksmith. Richard Pemberton the son of a blacksmith."

"Well, my dear, it is perfectly true."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Certainly."

"Oh, mamma, how could that be when I've heard—when I've heard—"

"What, my dear?"

"That you were the daughter of a nobleman."

"Of a poor Scotch lord, my dear."

"Still a lord! Oh, mamma to marry so beneath you!"

"Honoria!"

"Forgive me, madam; but I didn't know it, I thought we were of the first families, I mean I thought my father was a gentleman born—and—and it came upon me like a shock, and—"

Honoria paused abruptly, burst into tears, and sank down into the nearest chair.

Mrs. Pemberton had risen, and was standing resting her elbow on the dressing-bureau, gazing with grief and displeasure upon the little empty, vapid, concealed creature before her. At last she spoke with sorrowful severity, and her tones were slow and measured.

"Miss Honoria, you will have to attain a far higher moral and intellectual excellence than I fear you will ever reach before you can so much as imagine why I honour my democratic husband far more than all my long line of noble ancestors, and how it is that I should glory more in him than in them, and being even the son of a poor, hard-working mechanic, is not his shame, while that he has risen from that station to his present one is his glory."

The lady said no more, perhaps she felt that she had said too much, that to have expended any virtuous indignation, or any democratic sentiments

upon Miss Honoria, was a sort of casting "pearls before swine."

She had been previously disappointed in her adopted daughter, since the first day when the infantile beauty, grace and fondness of little Honoria had touched her heart, and prompted her to take the child. And when these infant charms gave place to the cold and repulsive affectations of the boarding-school miss, and the selfish and heartless character of the girl revealed itself, the lady did not conceal her chagrin.

And now, after this scene, she sighed deeply as she went below stairs. She could not have loved Honoria very dearly, had the girl possessed any strong redeeming point of character, even as it was, she loved her enough to feel every new revelation of her selfishness most deeply. She sighed heavily as she went downstairs.

Mrs. Pemberton had another reason for sighing besides the bad behaviour of Miss Honoria: Maud had left her that morning, and she had left a vacancy in her heart and home not easily to be filled.

She entered the sitting-room, and Miss Spencer rose to receive her.

Miss Spencer was her neighbour, a maiden lady, of thirty-five years old, who farmed her own land, brought up her niece, Bessy, and intended to marry Mr. Ipsley as soon as she could break him of his bad habit of twitching his eyebrows. Miss Spencer had come in full of news, gossip and questions among the rest.

"Was it true that Mr. Pemberton was appointed ambassador to France?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Pemberton. "Heaven forbid that he should be taken so soon from his rest and thrown again into the battle of political life."

"Well, she was very glad, she was sure, only she had heard it confidently asserted by Mr. Ipsley, and it was currently reported in the village."

Mrs. Pemberton repeated her assertion that there could be no truth in the rumour, since they had had no advice of even such an intention on the part of the administration.

Miss Spencer expressed herself delighted to receive such a satisfactory assurance, from what she called headquarters.

But even while speaking confidentially, Mrs. Pemberton grew pale with sudden apprehension. Richard Pemberton had certainly received no appointment, or even intimation of a future appointment to any public post or duty whatever, she was sure of that.

But that impending "Russian question," in which he had taken such a profound interest, which he had examined so closely, studied so deeply, with which he was known to be so thoroughly well acquainted. Was it possible the administration was thinking of sending him to France charged with some negotiation? Oh, it was possible, it was probable, it was but too likely.

She was deeply disturbed. She knew that, she felt by the sure instinct of affection, unless he could have some rest, some cessation from political care and toil, his life would not be long.

She saw it in the changing hair, in the failing muscles, in the slight stoop, in the slower step, and in the lower voice; iron frame as he had, he was one of those who grow old in youth, and die ere middle age.

She felt this—she felt that his only hope was in a long interval of rest. Her own—her soul's treasure—her life's greatest good—she could have thrown her arm around him and held him there in his retreat.

She was grave and thoughtful during the whole visit of Miss Spencer. Scarcely could she maintain the fair and stately courtesy for which Mrs. Pemberton was distinguished. And when her visitor arose, took leave and departed, she felt relieved.

Evening came, and with it the messenger from the post office. Mrs. Pemberton herself received the mail-bag, and eagerly opened it. There were newspapers and letters from friends and relations, and—yes—there at the bottom, was a letter in a broad envelope, bearing an official stamp, for Richard Pemberton. Undoubtedly this was the official notice of his appointment.

She looked at it, and turned it over with a sigh. She wished for the privilege of throwing it into the fire. She almost felt the temptation to do so, but it might not be, and she laid it down with the other letters for Richard Pemberton, in a little pile on the centre table, by his easy chair, and proceeded in the distribution of the rest of the family mail, putting Honoria's letters into her little elegant work basket, and sending Mr. and Mrs. Lovel's up to Lucy's room.

There were none for herself, and for once she did not care, she was too interested in that official

envelope. She took up one of the newspapers, that then organ of the ministry, and one of the first paragraphs that met her eyes confirmed her belief:

"We understand that the Honourable Richard Pemberton has been appointed Ambassador to the Court of St. Germain."

She read the paragraph through, and laid aside the paper, moralising mournfully upon the cost of greatness; homeless wanderers were they, mocked by all the means and appliances of domestic comfort, poverty-stricken in the midst of wealth. Other distinguished men might live at home at ease—not Richard Pemberton—he must work and struggle to the last, must live and die with the harness on his neck. She was aroused from her reverie by the entrance, full of news and full of delight, of Miss Honoria; she was ecstatic, that is, as nearly so as it became an incipient fine lady to be; and because her school friends, the Misses Rose and Annie Bell, were coming down to spend the summer with her, while their parents were making a tour of the spring.

Mrs. Lovel was very much pleased with her own letters and news. She had letters from father and mother, and from both married sisters, all breathing of the quietude, the blessedness of sweet domestic ease and peace. Her sister Harriet had another baby, a beautiful (of course) little daughter, who was to be called Lucy, after the family beauty, whom she was thought to resemble. All spoke of peace, of permanency, of "sweet home." Their home, alas, was but a hotel at their command, to eat and sleep a night or two in, in hurrying through the world.

Mrs. Lovel's bright eyes lighted on the pile of letters for Mr. Pemberton.

"Why, what a heap of letters for brother Richard," she said, seizing and shuffling them all over, more than a dozen; "and here's one from Douglas, hasn't he done with them yet? Oh, and here's a letter from Letty. Do open it and let's hear what she says?" and the thoughtless, heedless beauty threw it into Augusta's lap. "Come, open it, I am all impatience!"

Mrs. Pemberton quietly laid it back on the table, saying:

"I never open another's letters!"

"What! not open brother Richard's—not your husband's?"

"No."

"Well, I declare! I open all Mr. Lovel's, and he opens mine. But then we have no secrets from each other."

"But that is no reason for having no courtesy for each other."

"Oh, you look at it in that light, do you? Well, you know fools rush in where angels fear to tread; and as I am dying to read Letty's letter, therefore—and the rash little lady took up the letter and cracked the seal, and before she could quite break it, Mrs. Pemberton, with a look of grave displeasure, arrested her hand.

Lucy laughed and desisted.

Miss Honoria had seated herself at the piano, and was strumming a new piece of music that had come down to her that very mail. Tea was waiting to be brought up, but Mr. Pemberton had not been home since morning, he had spent the day at the quarries.

Augusta walked out upon the piazza, to be alone with her own thoughts, to enjoy the night's beauty, and to listen for his coming.

It was a lonely, starlight night, so still, so calm, peaceful, holy. Cradled in the encircling mountains, their home lay reposing in beauty. Their home, would it had been! They must leave it so soon; it was their home only in name.

Back to the bustling, struggling, battling world they must go; back to the elbowing, pushing competition; back to the crowded city's horrible streets. At last, amid the low, musical ripple of water, shiver of leaves, and chirp of insects, she heard the distant footfall of a horse that came nearer and nearer, until he bounded in full gallop up to the house, and Richard Pemberton alighted, threw the reins to a groom in attendance and came up the steps.

"They have been blasting rock all day, Augusta. Has the mail-bag come? You are very grave, love; are you not well?" said Richard Pemberton, taking her hand and looking wistfully into her face.

"I am very well, and the mail-bag has come, but do not open your letters till after tea," replied Augusta, throwing off her gloom.

"Why? Any bad news? If so it is better to hear it and have done with it at once."

"No; no bad news at all; all the letters we have opened bring us good news, but we have been waiting tea for some time, and if we have to wait until you look over all your letters—well, I shall get out of patience, that's all."

"You?"

"I. Do you think that impossible or improbable?"

Richard laughed, took her arm in his, and marched into the house.

The tea was brought up, and Mr. Lovel was standing at the back of his chair, with his hands folded and his face composed ready to ask a blessing, and Mrs. Lovel and Miss Honoria were in their places, so that nothing was left Richard Pemberton but to comply, which he did with a protestation that ladies always turned tables and tyrants at some time of their lives, and he supposed Mrs. Pemberton's time had now arrived. The truth is Augusta wished he would enjoy one more tea at home with the true home feeling, for she knew that after the opening of the document this feeling would be lost.

And a very merry, social tea-party it was. Mrs. Lovel was pleasantly lequacious with her news, Honoria full of delightful anticipations, Mr. Lovel soberly gay, and Richard Pemberton with careless abandon lending his ears so to all, that Augusta's spirits were agreeably stirred; he looked so easy and contented, so free from thought and anxiety, could it be that he would destroy his home and his peace by throwing himself headlong again into the dreadful maelstrom of political life. He was not obliged to accept the appointment, that was certain—and perhaps he might decline it.

Tea was over and all arose from the table. Richard Pemberton gathered up his letters and papers from the round table, and saying, laughingly, that he would not be a reading, silent kill-joy in the sitting-room, bowed, and was about to go to his study. Mrs. Pemberton half arose from her chair, and looked after him.

"Come, then, Augusta," he said.

They left the room together, and reached the study. Richard Pemberton threw down his packets upon the table, drew a chair up for his wife, seated himself, and began to shuffle his letters.

His glance fell upon the official communication; his eye lighted. All the other letters and papers, with their seals unbroken, were thrown aside, and this was seized, was torn open, and devoured.

"I knew it," he said; "I knew it. I knew it must come to this at last. I knew this would be the final resort. If they had done this before I know not how much time, labour, anxiety, and expense to the country would have been saved."

"What is it?"

"They are going to send me to Paris."

"Oh, and will you go?"

"Will I go?"

Richard Pemberton laid the document aside, and fixed his large, strong eyes upon her face, as if he doubted his own hearing or her senses.

"But just as we were getting comfortably settled?"

"I feel it, I feel it, but I must go, Augusta, there is not a man in the country who can terminate this matter but myself."

He paused, took her hand, and held it in silent thought a little while, and then, half communing with himself, half with her, he said:

"My poor Augusta, it is rather hard on you, I feel it; since you have known me you have never had a fixed home, or a settled family, or permanent circle of friends, or anything that makes a woman's life natural, comfortable, and happy. As soon as you have made a pleasant home, and friendly social ties, the home has been broken up, and the ties severed, and your fate—I have hurried you away somewhere else. You have been like a plant, always torn up by the roots and transplanted, and never remaining long enough in one place to draw nutriment and life from it."

He paused again, holding fast the small hand within his own, and seemed to reflect rapidly for a moment; then he smiled on her, and said:

"I had nearly been betrayed into the insincerity of proposing to you not to break up your home and your newly-formed relations with this neighbourhood, but to let me go to France alone, while you remain here keeping the house, and—yes—keep in the country. What you would have thought of such a proposition, I do not know."

"Why, I should have been betrayed into the folly of taking it very hard, indeed."

"But that you should have to break up again so soon."

"Don't think of me, I was not thinking of myself. The gipsy life would suit me well enough, if for you it possessed the gipsy freedom from care as well, but to have you thrown again into that boiling maelstrom of politics, and to see you so worried with anxiety when you so need rest, peace, and forgetfulness?"

"Do you think, my dear, that rest, that forgetfulness are possible for me? Don't you know that it is the curse of those who give their whole heart and soul to politics, never to be able to recall the gift? Do you think that in the months I have passed at home I have been free?"

"Oh, no. Often I thought you had left your soul behind you in the Cabinet. Oh, why should it be so? Why should you toil so? Why should the whole burthen and responsibility of a nation like this be thrown upon the shoulders of only three or four men? Only three or four—for Mr. Pemberton I have lived long enough in political circles—long enough to know that there are not half-a-dozen real patriots among the political leaders of either party. No, not half-a-dozen men who do not prefer their own narrow, selfish ends and objects to the greatest good that could come to the nation at large. And this is the greatest difficulty that earnest, disinterested men have to meet. Their most dangerous enemies are not the foreign foe, but the traitors in the camp."

"No more of this, dear Augusta, let us talk of our voyage."

"When do we go?"

"Immediately; just as soon as we can make a hurried packing and be off."

And then, with his usual promptitude of decision and action, Richard Pemberton rapidly sketched out his plan of arrangement.

"Mr. Ipey," he said, must be left in charge of the works on the hill; he must also be accountant, treasurer, and paymaster during our absence. Mrs. Lovel and Lucy must live here, and keep the house warm against we come back. And there is one thing that I must do, and do at once," he exclaimed, suddenly, drawing writing materials before him. "I must write over to Mrs. O'Donovan, and get her decision about placing that boy to school."

He rapidly wrote, folded and sealed a note, and rang for a servant to take it.

"Here, John, take this note to Mrs. O'Donovan, by sunrise to-morrow morning. I must have the answer on my plate at breakfast."

The messenger bowed and retired.

(To be Continued.)

POCKETS.

A MAGISTRATE lately told a woman whose pocket had been picked, that if women would change the position and plan of their pockets, they would not so frequently suffer from the depredations of light-fingered thieves. This was a judicial opinion of remarkable acuteness and exceptional value, in so far as it indicated the true reason why women are the favourite prey of pickpockets. Still, it is one thing to point out an evil that deserves to be remedied, and quite another to designate the remedy. The court which denounced the present female substitute for a pocket did not suggest any practicable improvement upon it, and, indeed, it is doubtful if any man who is not a professional scientific person is fully capable of dealing with so difficult a question.

Man is marsupial, and herein he is broadly distinguished from woman. Nature has provided him with pockets in his trousers, his waistcoat and his coat. The number is not always the same, some men having, in the aggregate, twelve distinct pockets, great and small, while others have only eight or nine; but a man totally without pockets would be a *lusus nature*. It is remarkable that pockets are not congenital, but slowly developed during childhood and youth.

The trousers pockets, which are earliest developed, seldom make their appearance before the fifth year, and one of these usually comes to maturity ten or twelve months before its fellow. About the eighth year a male child develops two and sometimes three coat-pockets, and two years later the lower vest-pockets appear. Nature then pauses in her work, and it is not until the fourteenth year that the small fob-pockets of the waistcoat and the watch-pocket of the trousers are developed.

The appearance of the pistol-pocket and the two coat-tail-pockets is usually synchronous with the cutting of the wisdom teeth. When these have reached maturity, the normal development of pockets ceases—for the comparatively recent discovery of isolated specimens of men with pockets in the sleeves of their overcoats, apparently designed for stowing away female hands, does not as yet warrant any change in the scientific classification and description of human pockets.

Of the uses of the pocket it is unnecessary to speak, since we are all familiar with them. It may, however, be safely asserted that without pockets men would never have emerged from barbarism.

Handkerchiefs, pen-knives, money, tobacco, and latch-keys—those articles, the presence of which is essential to civilisation, and the absence of which constitutes barbarism—manifestly could not exist in any useful form had not beneficent nature endowed us with pockets. It is a significant fact that the higher a man rises in the scale of civilisation the more numerous become his pockets.

The red man has no pocket whatever; the Turk has two pockets; the people of the South of Europe have rarely more than five, while the man of Anglo-Saxon blood has nine, or—counting those in his overcoat—ten well-defined and practicable pockets. Representative government, fine-cut tobacco, trial by jury, and revolving pistols are the precious inheritance of the nine-pocketed races. Ignorance, superstition, and a general assortment of miseries are the lot of those who have not developed more than four or five pockets.

Why nature constructed woman without true pockets, it does not become us to inquire, although the fact might easily be interpreted as an evidence that woman are not designed to become the military or civil leaders of mankind. It is sufficient for us to know that the pocket, in the scientific sense of the term, is the monopoly of the male sex, for it is not yet established that even Dr. Mary Walker has developed a really masculine pocket.

Emulous of the more gifted sex, women have striven to supply the deficiencies of nature by art, and boldly claim that the mysterious and unseen bags which they carry concealed about their persons are virtually pockets. On this point the distinguished anatomist Cuvier says:—"The capacious muslin organ generally called the female pocket has none of the essential characteristics of the true pocket. It is situated a little lower than the placquet, and forms a cul-de-sac, to which the placquet serves as the entrance. It may be removed by the knife without any perceptible effect upon the health, and it is plainly artificial and extraneous."

The same opinion is held by all educated anatomists, and, though we may admit that the so-called female pocket is capable of containing a large amount of handkerchiefs, candy, hair-pins, and other necessities of feminine existence, its real character as a commonplace bag ought not to be concealed under the pretentious title of pocket.

From the nature of its construction, this bag is so easy of access to the shameless pickpocket that he looks upon it in the light of a storehouse, in which is laid up for his special benefit portable property of more or less value. No one will dispute the dictum of the London police court, that women who place their purses in these pseudo-pockets invite pickpockets to steal them; but what other device can they substitute for the inefficient muslin bag?

To require a woman to develop pockets without a basis of trousers, waistcoat, or coat, would be more cruel than was Pharaoh's request that the Hebrews would make bricks without straw. Women who desire artificial pockets are limited to the use of the treacherous muslin bag, and the locality in which it is now worn is declared by competent comparative anatomists to be the only one where such an appendage could be securely placed, and remain at the same time easily accessible.

The only way out of the difficulty is for women to abandon the vain effort to emulate marsupial man, and to lay aside their muslin bags. Thus will they remove temptation from the pickpocket, and prove themselves capable of accepting, without a murmur, the mysterious law of nature, which lavishes pockets upon one sex and withholds them inexorably from the other.

A SPIRIT WEDDING.

THE extreme belief in materialisation seems to have been reached in a case of spirit wedding which is thus described:

A judge recently met the spirit of his departed wife in a back room in Terre Haute. The air was filled with the melody of a music-box. Suddenly the door of the cabinet opened and an angelic figure, arrayed in a complete bridal costume, indescribably beautiful, appeared before the circle. The veil, which appeared like a fleecy vapour, encircled her brow, and being caught at the temples, fell in graceful folds, almost enveloping her entire form. The judge, who had received spiritual intelligence of what was about to occur, at once recognised his departed wife, approached her with affectionate

greeting, placed in her gloved hand a bouquet of rare flowers, and imprinted upon her lips a kiss.

"Are you ready?" inquired the doctor.

"We are," responded the judge.

A justice then stepped upon the rostrum, and joining the hands of the couple, in the name of the great overruling power united the mortal to the immortal. Vows of eternal constancy and fidelity were exchanged, and pledges of love were made anew. At the close of this ceremony the bride received the congratulations of the company present, then slowly receded. As she crossed the threshold of the cabinet a dazzling light flooded its precincts, revealing to the audience a spirit face of marvellous beauty. Then the music-box was wound up again.

MALE MARTYRS.

It never seems to occur to an ordinary lord of creation that it is within the bounds of possibility that one of the minor ills to which flesh is heir should touch him, and he is as astonished and as aggrieved when he finds himself suffering from a headache or a fit of influenza as if the malady were a perfectly abnormal occurrence. This is the more remarkable as, almost invariably, he scoffs at and laughs to scorn any precautionary measures—declines to change wet shooting-boots as being "of no consequence," and persistently sits in a draught because he is overheated. But when the heavy cold comes he is all amazement, cannot conceive how he caught it, and regards himself as a victim grievously ill-treated by Fate, and deserving of all possible sympathy and compassion.

As a rule, a woman is abundantly pitiful and sympathetic; but it must require immense command over her risible muscles to repress a smile when her lord gravely assures her that no one was ever so ill before, and that she cannot have the faintest conception of what he is enduring. She thinks of the many colds from which she has suffered, and for which he has always condemned her for "cockling," assuring her that a cold was "a mere trifle, nothing to make a fuss about." And yet what was her fussing to his? Besides, feeling ill, she is always willing to try such remedies as experience has taught her are most efficacious, while he can be persuaded to try nothing, though he complains sorely that no one does anything for him or appears to compassionate his evil case.

It is hardly a happy time for those brought much in contact with him. If he suffers from a headache, the whole machinery of the house must be stopped, not a door must creak nor a footfall be heard, though he is the last person in the world to respect the headaches of others, and always professes his belief that that they are only another name for caprices or convenience. At the smallest derangement of his usual robust health, from whatever cause it may arise, he at once believes himself to be extremely, if not dangerously, ill; and yet, with a strange perversity, absolutely refuses to see a doctor. His feminine belongings, if they are wise, commiserate and make much of him, but are never in the slightest degree alarmed so long as he grumbles and bewails himself; when he becomes silent as to his sufferings they at once conclude that something serious is really the matter.

Perhaps the most doleful spectacle that can be presented to the imagination is that of a man afflicted with toothache. It certainly is a most wearing and distressing pain; still it has been endured at different times by almost every one. It is edifying to note that though, when anyone else has been attacked with the same torment, he has recommended instant recourse to a dentist, and has derided any backwardness in following his advice as cowardice, he is, when his own time comes, no more eager to plant himself in the chair of doom than were his dearest friends, and is fertile in inventing expedients for putting off the evil day, probably, if the pain abates, to a remote date.

A woman must be very near, indeed, akin to an angel who, after her husband or some other near male relative has for years laughed to scorn her complaints of agonising neuralgia—telling her that it "is all fancy," "only nerves" (could it be anything worse?), that she would never have it if she did not think about it, or if she took more exercise, or if she did something or other totally out of her power to do—oes not, sorry as she may be that he should suffer, feel a certain satisfaction when the enemy seizes upon him, and he is made to feel what she has endured. She knows, however, that it will make him but little more considerate; he will be so absorbed by the pain that it will never come clearly home to his mind that the torture he has so often ridiculed is exactly the same which he is now bearing with so small an amount of patience.

It is not precisely selfishness nor a want of consideration for the feelings of others that renders men so strangely obtuse to the sufferings of those with whom they live; it is partly that being generally blessed with even and robust health the slightest ailment fills them with astonishment and dismay, and incapacitates them for anything but their own dire misfortune; and partly that they so frequently lack the sixth sense of tact, which the majority of women possess in some measure, and therefore fail to put themselves in the place of others.

The absurdity of their attitudes never seems to strike them even when they gravely affirm that no one can possibly gauge their sufferings from an ordinary cold in the head. There is no offence so great as to try and persuade a man that, disagreeable as it may be, it is but a temporary inconvenience, which, in a very short space of time, will pass away, leaving not a trace behind; he regards this simple exposition of fact as most unfeeling, and hemoans himself plaintively that no one cares whether he is ill or not. He believes firmly that he is a model of patience under suffering. The woman about him will be wise if they abstain from irritating him by any refutation of this preposterous fallacy.

It may be admitted that it is difficult for them to hold their peace when they see him deliberately making himself ill by eating or drinking what he knows from experience will disagree with him. It is not easy to be compassionate to the fit of gout wilfully brought on by drinking champagne, or to manifest deep sympathy with a headache produced by over-indulgence in pickled salmon or lobster salad. It is so incomprehensible to a woman, who generally has enough headaches without committing any such imprudences, how anything eatable or drinkable can be worth risking health and comfort for that she finds greater difficulty in according sympathy to this species of malady than to any other. But the victim will never allow that imprudence has anything to do with the matter, and persists in regarding himself as the martyr of cruel fate.

WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM;

OR,

THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH.

By the Author of "Basil Rivington's Romance,"

"That Young Person, etc."

CHAPTER LX.

PARTINGS.

MADLINE did not see Gerald for some days. He came in unexpectedly the evening before the funeral of Lady Yorke, and he never forgot the picture that greeted his eyes. Madeline Darnley sat in a new, old-fashioned chair near the fire, Juliet at a stool at her feet, her head pillowed on her lap, the firelight shone on them both, lighting up every line of Madeline's beautiful face.

Sorrow and suffering, conflict and conquest, had done their work on that face. Its expression was that of a guardian angel. Gerald wished he had not seen the two together; he did not wish to change his opinion of Madeline, and he felt that he had been hard on her at their last meeting; still his voice was still and constrained, as after greeting Juliet, he said, coldly:

"Good evening, Miss Darnley."

"Good evening, Captain Yorke," she answered, and would have risen and left the room, but Juliet would not hear of it.

"Stay with me; don't go away. I want you two to be friends. Oh, Gerald, she has been such a help to me, such a comfort."

He inclined his head. No position could have been more trying than his just then, unless it were Madeline's.

"Sir Roland sent me here," he said to Juliet, "He would like to leave Belleville the day after tomorrow, if you are strong enough."

"I don't mind," said Juliet, simply; "if he wishes it."

"He wishes your happiness," said Gerald. "Juliet, try and send him an answer, try and take up an interest in life again, for his sake."

"I can't, Gerald," she moaned, "when I think that a week ago mamma was well and strong, and now we are settling where to go to forget her."

Gerald made no reply. He found it hard to rouse his betrothed. Juliet was not selfish, but she found it difficult to exert herself. She had always bowed to her mother's will; to rule, to have plans of her own seemed strange to her.

"You had better go the day after tomorrow, Juliet," said Madeline, her voice less firm than if Gerald had not been there. "Sir Roland and you both need a change. If you travel for a few months the Hall can be rebuilt. And when you return you will not forget your mother, because you are no longer reminded of the awful circumstances of her death."

"Yes," answered Juliet, wearily; "but to go abroad when we are so sad, to be forced into society."

"You need not be. Don't go to Paris or Vienna, but to some quiet Italian village, where your love of Nature will find many charms, and you can stay till it gets warm enough for Switzerland; you love the mountains."

"Yes," said Juliet, with more animation, "Tell papa I will be ready to go where he likes, only Italy will be nicest."

Gerald looked pleased, although he bestowed no gratitude on the originator of the scheme.

"That's right, Juliet; six months' change of air and scene is just what you need, and then I hope the dear old Hall will have become more ready to receive you."

"Will you come with us, Gerald?"

"Not with, I fear, but I shall not be long afterwards, I hope. Would not your grandmother go too?"

"No, she says she is too old for travelling, and longs for her quiet home. Even if I stayed in England I should lose her and Madeline."

"You have many older and better friends than I am, Juliet," said Madeline, sadly, for she was human, and during this scene she had thought sometimes sadly of what "might have been."

"None better, dear," said Juliet, tenderly, "though I have only known you three weeks. Mrs. Ashley must spare you to me when I come back."

"How is Mr. Ashley, Miss Darnley?" asked Gerald, suddenly, then turning to Juliet, "he was an old college friend of mine, and till his marriage my most constant companion."

"He is very well," answered Madeline, simply. "I have not seen him very lately."

"How glad you will be to get home after all your wanderings. Why, you've been away more than two months."

"More than three," corrected Madeline. "Yes, Juliet, I shall be glad to see them all again."

"They must have missed you dreadfully," said Juliet, with a look of fond affection at her friend.

"I don't know how it is, Madeline, but you seem to creep into one's heart. I can't imagine anyone not loving you."

It was a very painful day that on which Lady Yorke was buried—friends came from far and near; rich and poor followed her to the grave, anxious to show their regret and sorrow for her husband, and only the doctors, Gerald Yorke, and the dead woman's faithful maid had any idea that there were circumstances which made her death a subject of relief rather than of grief.

Sir Roland bore up bravely; he looked pale and harassed; people said what an excellent husband and father he had been, and lamented when they heard that the next morning he would take his daughter abroad while the old hall was restored and beautified, under the orders of Captain Yorke.

Madeline and Juliet had their real parting that night—their long confidential chat was a truer adieu than the farewell they exchanged in the bitter cold of the January morning, amid all the confusion consequent upon a sudden departure.

"I was too happy," murmured Juliet, clinging to her friend. "I had Gerald's love. Mamma was reconciled to him. Oh, I wanted some trouble to bring me back to earth."

"You will be happier soon, darling, than you have ever been before," answered Madeline, shedding tears, some for herself and some for Juliet. "Time will heal your present grief, and you will have new joys."

"I am so utterly cast down, Madeline. I need not be so a coward, but now I feel crushed, as though I couldn't make an effort."

"You must do it, dearest, for their sakes, Sir Roland and Captain Yorke's."

"I will try, Madeline," said Juliet, faintly, "but, oh, I am afraid, something tells me that I shall never see my home again."

"You will see the Hall again, Juliet. The home of your girlhood will be that of your womanhood. You will live there as Captain Yorke's happy wife?"

"I wonder you are not engaged, Madeline. Didn't you ever care for anyone? Sometimes I think you must have, because you are so patient when I talk of Gerald."

Madeline was silent, she pressed her lips to Juliet's face, but in words she did not answer her.

"I believe you must have; and you are crying."

CHAPTER LXI.

IN ITALY.

Oh, Madeline, how cruel and selfish I have been, forgive me."

Her sister wound one arm round her, and answered, amid her tears:

"I like to hear your confidence, Juliet; because my own life is to be a lonely one, do you think I can't bear that my friend is to be happy?"

"Alone! always alone, Madeline; and you are only twenty-one. Has he been dead long; were you engaged; couldn't you ever love anyone else?"

Madeline pressed her hand to her throbbing heart to still its beating, before she answered with an effort.

"Yes, we were engaged, and I am not afraid of loneliness, I could not love again."

"You are so beautiful," cried Juliet, roused from her own troubles to pity her friend. "Madeline, I can't fancy you an old maid; it seems impossible."

"Yet I shall be one," said the other, quietly, "unless," she added, thoughtfully, "I take a longer journey even than yours will be to-morrow."

"Oh, don't talk of dying," cried Juliet, entreatingly. "I couldn't spare you too."

"I think of it, sometimes. I wish for it. I know it's wrong, Juliet," said the other mournfully. "but I can't bear to think of the long blank future."

If I could only go now, while I am young and people think me pretty, it would be happier than lingering on till I had lost the few friends I have. I can't bear to think of the time when I shall be old—when I shall walk slowly, and lose my interest in things, and be a burden to myself and all the world."

"Never to me!" answered Juliet, "while I live you have a friend and adviser."

"You will soon have other ties, dear."

"And you'll love me because I am Gerald's wife. I shall teach him to love you too."

Madeline thought of the time when he had needed no teaching.

Then at eight the next morning the carriage came to the door, and Juliet and her father drove off. Gerald went with them as far as London. Madeline and Lady Frances were left alone.

"It is a strangely sad visit, my child," said the old lady, fondly, "but I can't be sorry we came, for my poor son's sake."

"I am very glad to have been here."

"You seem like one of us," said her kind old friend. "I can't bear to think of giving you up."

"I hope we may meet again, dear Lady Frances."

"That we shall, Madeline; if you won't come to see me I shall come to Luton, but I hope you won't force me to do that. I long for my quiet house after all this agitation."

"But Sir Roland looks better this morning."

"Yes, he seems more resigned than I had dared to hope. I am far happier about him than Juliet."

"Surely at her age time may often even such a grief as this."

"She is not strong, and all this excitement is the worst thing possible for her. My son will yield to her in everything. Gerald will take much better care of her. I shall be glad when they are married; why should they wait; they won't forget poor Gertrude any the sooner for being together."

That afternoon Madeline went home to Luton. Clare Ashley drove to the station to meet her, and received her with her old tender warmth. There was much to say on both sides, for letters cannot tell everything, and their correspondence had languished sadly of late.

"There is one trouble I longed to save you from," said Clare, in a low voice; "but the news did not reach me in time. I am afraid you have met Gerald."

"Yes; did he write and tell you, Clare, that he was engaged to his cousin?"

"Yes, he wrote a simple, manly letter, worthy of himself. Oh, Madeline, you two were made for each other; it was cruel to part you."

"He has forgotten all, I think. I only saw him once alone, and if he had remembered or cared for the old time, he wouldn't have spoken as he did."

Clare sighed. "From his letter I feared he cared still. And tell me how you like Miss Yorke."

"She is worthy of him," said Madeline, generously; "she has loved him for years; he can't help loving her in time."

"Then he doesn't now?"

"I think not; he is very good and tender to her; she is very delicate and gentle, and he seems always thinking of how he can shield her from trouble; his care of her is beautiful. I think they will be happy."

"And you, my darling!" asked Clare, gulping down a sob; for she had a very warm, tender heart.

"I," said Madeline, bravely. "I shall stay with you and teach your children to be like their mother if you will still give me a share of your heart."

"Your place is in our hearts and home, Madeline, and we will never let you go."

So Madeline went back to Luton Rectory, and tried to take up again the quiet, uneventful life that had been hers before Gerald Yorke came to disturb her peace, not more than six months before.

She became again Clare's gentle helper, the rector's cherished friend, the children's darling, and to see her with the little household, always ready to share their joys and sorrows, few would have guessed that the patient, beautiful woman had a heart trouble of her own, which she must carry to her grave.

She heard from Juliet, but not so fully as she expected. Miss Yorke wrote affectionately, even lovingly, but she could not pour out her thoughts and feelings upon paper.

Her letters were simple lists of events; how they had been to see this celebrated town, or stayed so long at that pretty village. Madeline could not gather whether Juliet had at all recovered the shock of her mother's death, nor yet how Sir Roland bore his loss.

By-and-bye, with the first breath of summer she learnt how Captain Yorke had joined the travellers, how they were to visit Switzerland together, and then return to Belleville in the autumn.

"I must be married in our dear old church," wrote Juliet. "I wouldn't have my wedding in one of these stiff, cold English chapels."

Madeline answered the letter by warm wishes for her happiness, and then when September had begun and no news came of the travellers, she imagined they had indeed returned home, and were agitated by preparations for the wedding.

Perhaps her heart felt a little sore that Juliet should forget her in her happiness; but she uttered no complaint, when September faded into October, and still no tidings came.

"Madeline," said Clare Ashley, one morning, when the two friends sat together in the dining-room, "I have had a letter from Lady Frances."

Madeline smiled. Her old friend had paid more than one visit to the Rectory, and was a special favourite with the Ashleys.

"What does she say, Clare? Does she mention Juliet?"

Mrs. Ashley sighed. "Indeed, she writes of little else. Sir Roland and his daughter are at Rome, and they have begged her to go out to them and take you with her."

"Mo," said Madeline, amazed. "But I have not heard from Juliet for months; she has not even answered my last letter."

"Poor girl," said Clare, gently; "perhaps she has been too full of her own troubles. She has been very ill, Madeline, so ill that the marriage is postponed, and Sir Roland has written to his mother to beg her to come and take care of Juliet."

"And does he mention me?"

"Yes; he thinks your companionship would be very good for Juliet, and he dreads his mother making so long a journey alone. Lady Frances wrote to me to beg me to persuade you. Madeline, my darling, I cannot try to influence you."

"Do you think they want me, Clare?"

"I am sure of it. No one can be more precious to Lady Frances or Juliet. But I think of you; it is cruel to force you into almost daily intercourse with Captain Yorke, to force you to see his affection lavished on another, and I can imagine what loving care he would lavish on a girl so fragile and delicate, as this Juliet seems to be. No, Madeline, I cannot advise you. Lady Frances little knows what she is asking of you."

"Clare, do you think Juliet is very ill?"

"Not dangerously," answered Mrs. Ashley, thoughtfully. "The shock of her mother's sudden death, the complete change in her life, the having to think and act for herself instead of having an adoring mother to shield her from every care; all this is enough to try a stronger constitution than Miss Yorke's. I think it is a pity they delayed the wedding. Once married he would have taken better care of her than any other could."

"I wonder who postponed the wedding?"

"Sir Roland. His first wife was as delicate as Juliet, and died before she had been married two years; perhaps that makes him nervous."

"Clare, I will go."

"Can you bear it?" asked her friend, tenderly.

"Remember Juliet will be tenfold nearer and dearer to Gerald now she is weak and suffering. I am certain no stronger claim can be made on a man like Gerald than feebleness."

"Since I know it, since it must be, since I never can be near to him, nor he to me, since we are parted for ever, and the years that come can only drive us far-

ther and farther apart, do you think I grudge her his love? She is worthy of it; she loves him back again. Clare, I try to be glad for their sakes. I do, indeed."

"Madeline," said Clare, looking at her with eyes full of unshed tears, "I think sometimes you are an angel."

So it was settled that Madeline was to go. Clare wrote a few lines to Lady Frances, and it was arranged that at the end of that week Madeline should meet her in London, and they would both start on their long and venturesome journey.

No mention was made of the time of their absence, but all felt that they would not leave Juliet until she was well enough to return with them to England.

"We shall lose you another Christmas," said Clare, half sadly, as she bade Madeline good-bye.

"This will be my last absence, Clare. When they are married she won't want me any more."

Juliet Yorke had gone abroad in January in a state of utter dejection with a father who had no wish in the world but to see her happy, freed from all control or supervision but that of this idolising parent; with every treasure wealth could bring in the present, and a happy marriage in the future, one would have said she would soon recover the death of a mother, between whom and herself there had never been any real sympathy.

But the shock and excitement of that January night had done much to injure a constitution naturally delicate; the very efforts she made to recover her mental tone consumed her strength, still there was no apparent mischief, and when Gerald joined them in the summer he thought he had never seen her look prettier.

They made a tour in Switzerland, and still she seemed strong and well, and he grew to care for her very tenderly, not perhaps with passionate love, that he would never feel for another woman than Madeline, but with a warm, tender affection which would last both their lives.

All was prepared for their return to England in September, and very soon after their arrival they were to redeem the troth they plighted to each other at Belleville Hall. Gerald went first to prepare all for the reception of Sir Roland and his daughter, who were to follow him after a brief visit to the Eternal City, which Juliet had never seen.

On the very day when Captain Yorke expected his promised wife he had a letter from her father, saying she was attacked by malaria, that very dreadful scourge so common to Italy, and was in the utmost danger.

Gerald did not pause to think, duty recalled him to Rome, to cheer and take care of Juliet if she recovered; to comfort her father if he were left childless.

Anxious days and nights succeeded, but at last youth triumphed. Juliet struggled against death until at last the crisis was past, and she was lying weak and exhausted, but out of danger.

Sir Roland would have taken her home at once, but the doctors positively forbade travelling in her feeble state, adding their doubts that she would stand an English winter. So all idea of their leaving Rome was given up till the spring, and Sir Roland wrote to his mother, begging her to come out and nurse his darling.

Gerald Yorke remained in Rome; in her present health his marriage with Juliet was an impossibility, but he knew her well enough to feel that she was happier with him near, and there was nothing he would not do for the girl who was one day to be his wife.

It had been his idea sending for Lady Frances, and he himself had mooted it to Juliet; her joy at the thought of meeting her grandmother decided him, and he would have gone to England and brought the lady back by force if that had been the only means of securing her coming.

"And if only she would bring Madeline," said Juliet, eagerly. "No one could do me so much good as Madeline. I am sure if she came I should get well."

"We could hardly ask a stranger to take such a journey, dear Juliet."

"No," said the girl, simply. "It would be very selfish, but I should like to see her so much. I feel sure she would come to me."

"But she may not be able to leave her home, my little reasoner, she may even be married, do you think, Juliet, you're the only being who wears letters on her hand?" and he touched the thin finger on which his ring still shone.

"I like my fetters," said Juliet, fondly.

"So may Miss Darnley," he had a strange curiosity to learn if Madeline were still free, or if she had indeed forsaken him for a richer man.



[HE NEVER FORGOT THE PICTURE.]

"Madeline will never marry," said Juillet, in a tone of conviction.

"Why not? Is she a stern defender of 'woman's rights,' and consequently a swearer of perpetual hatred to men?"

"Nonsense," answered Juillet, laughing in spite of herself. "I am sure she ought to marry, only I know she never will; she told me herself that she had loved some one once, and could never care for any one else again."

"How came you to strike up such a friendship for her, Juillet, you are not so enthusiastic generally?"

"I loved her the moment I saw her, I don't know why."

"And she loved you?"

"Yes, I am sure she did."

"I did not see much of her," mused Gerald, "it seemed to me that she had a real affection for you, but one might easily be deceived. Professions cost nothing."

"Gerald, what can make you talk like that? I never knew you so suspicious before. I would stake my life on Madeline's truth."

"You must stake your life on nothing so precarious as a woman's truth," said Gerald, bitterly.

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," said Juillet, looking at him reproachfully with her large, clear eyes, "you make me feel afraid of you, Gerald."

"You have no cause, Juillet. I have every faith in you, nothing would ever make me doubt you."

"And I trust you too, so why need we worry ourselves about other people's truth; only I wish you didn't dislike my poor Madeline. I did so want her here."

"But you will have your grandmother dear, and Miss Darnley is only a chance friend!"

Juillet sorrowfully shook her head, and Gerald fell to thinking if he were right in crossing the wish of this fragile being, whose happiness was so soon to be entrusted to his care.

That he despised Madeline Darnley, and regarded her as a thoroughly unprincipled woman, was true, but he had an implicit faith in Juillet, there was something so childlike and innocent in his betrothed, that he could fear no contamination for her.

Into his own house he would never have received Madeline, but here at Sir Roland's perhaps he had no right to wish to exclude her.

After all the only person her coming could affect unpleasantly was himself. Clearly then it was

selfishness on his part to prevent her coming, and this point once settled he spoke to Juillet.

"I shall ask Sir Roland to persuade your grandmother to bring Miss Darnley with her. You do want a friend to cheer you up, and she is the only one you seem to care for."

"Don't have her if you dislike it, Gerald," said Juillet, looking up from her corner with a glance of tenderness to his face, "I'd rather never see Madeline again than that you should be vexed."

"I'm not vexed, dear," he said, half awkwardly, "we will beg her to come. Perhaps if she makes you better I may like her."

Juillet had one of his hands clasped by her thin, white fingers.

"You are very good to me, Gerald. You'd be sorry if I didn't get any better, wouldn't you?"

He knew he should; the gentle girl's affection was very dear to him, though it could not fill all the cravings of his heart.

If Juillet had been strong and well he would have thoroughly enjoyed this pleasant idling in Italy, while the irrevocable vows had not been spoken, and he was allowed the pleasant companionship, the easy friendship, of a cousin without any allusion to the future, in whose demands he might be found wanting.

"You know I should be sorry, Juillet," he said at last. "I am longing to see you well and strong again. I want you to be able to leave that couch and walk about again, as you used to."

He could talk to her of her getting well, and even of their leaving Rome, but he never spoke to her of the ceremony which must follow their arrival in England. He never alluded to their married life; but for her ill health he would have liked this pretty pastoral to go on for a long time. He had quite realised the foolishness of his first passion; he was quite certain that he meant to marry Miss Yorke, and make her happy, and yet stranger contrariness, he preferred the position of her betrothed to that of her husband.

Juillet never doubted his affection; her love for him was too intense to suspect a want of return.

She answered, simply:

"I know you do, Gerald; you and papa make me very happy. I often wonder however you came to care for me, I am such a little, insignificant thing, you might have found so many more worthy of you."

"Don't, Juillet," he said, sharply, as one in a sudden pain; then adding, in his usual manner, "I'll

go and get Sir Roland to write to her. I wonder you didn't do it long ago."

"I thought you wouldn't like it."

"I like whatever makes you happy," he said, gravely. "I can never be a friend of Miss Darnley's, but if her presence gives you a little of pleasure I wish her to come."

"But you won't go away, Gerald. I'd rather go without seeing Madeline than lose you."

"You'll never lose me, child," was his firm reply.

"I shall never leave Rome till I can take you with me, if I wait for months."

That afternoon the letter to Lady Frances was written, and the old lady caught at the idea of Madeline's companionship.

"Juillet," said her betrothed to her some days later, "I have some wonderful news for you. Whom do you think is going to be married?"

"I don't know," answered Juillet, smiling, "some one nice, I am sure, by your looks."

"Lord Thorne."

"I am very glad, said Juillet, gladly. "I don't think anyone else's marriage could have made me so glad. Do tell me all about it."

"You know, Juillet," returned Gerald, gravely, "when I wrote to tell him of our engagement, a little coolness sprang up between us. Perhaps he thought it hard that I should have won the prize he so strove for, but he forgives me now."

"And who will he marry?"

"A Miss Graham, a young lady without a penny; but he writes in ecstasies, and as he has neither father nor guardian to consult, her want of means can prove no obstacle."

"Graham," said Juillet, reflectively. "It can't be any relation to grandamma's friends at Eaton?"

"It may be, her father is a doctor in Kent."

"Oh, then it is the same. She was so nice, Gerald, and so pretty—a perfect lady, but so poor. Fancy her being called my lady."

"You don't regret the honours you have refused?" he asked, curiously.

"You know I don't," she answered, fondly. "Your love's better to me than all the honours of the world."

He did not answer her back again. Somehow he could not. She did not notice his silence.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked at last. "I was thinking grandamma and Madeline might be here next week."

(To be Continued.)



[USURPED AUTHORITY.]

DUBLIN DAN; OR, THE ROSE OF BALLYHOOLAN.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS INTERVIEW.

It was not difficult for Dan to gather from the remarks of the men who surrounded the body, that his father had met with an accident, the cause of which was accounted for in various ways.

Thomas Deering had no sooner received the horse which his brother Luke had sent on ahead of himself than he determined to try him, so that when Luke arrived he would be able to tell him whether he was inclined to buy the animal or not.

At all times Tom Deering was willing to do his brother a good turn, though he knew him to be idle, dissipated, and worthless.

Tom liked a good horse, and no one knew the points of a steeple-chaser and hunter better than he did.

It appeared that he mounted the horse, which the groom who brought him along represented as a splendid goer across country, and determined to give him a spin over some of the stiffest fences, five-barred gates, hedges, and stone walls he had on his estates.

And Tom Deering was just the man to do it.

He was always in the first flight when he rode to hounds, and there was not a gentleman jockey who could touch one side of him at Punchestown races.

It happened, however, that Mr. Deering had not gone far before the horse, which was a powerfully-built animal, standing sixteen hands high, and as black as night, got the bit between his teeth, and ran away. After a time he staggered somewhat, and nearing a stone wall refused to leap it. Mr. Deering put him at it, the result being that the unfortunate gentleman was thrown badly, and his head cut against the stones.

The labouring men on the estate, who had turned out to see Mr. Deering's ride, were loud in their denunciation of the horse, and also of the man who wished to sell such a brute.

They declared in no measured terms that the horse

had been "doctored," that is, some medicine or drug had been purposely given him.

"Is my father much hurt," exclaimed Dan, looking around him with an anxious gaze.

"His head's broke," exclaimed Pat Leeson, a young fellow, who was well known as an adherent to the "Ireland for the Irish party;" "and begorra, if I had my way I'd just make Luke Deering feel as bad as his brother does, this minute."

This sentiment was received with a subdued murmur of applause from the bystanders.

Just then a tall form appeared in the hallway, and advanced to the grief-stricken, but somewhat excited group.

"I heard my name mentioned a moment ago," he exclaimed, in a voice which trembled slightly with anger. "I am Luke Deering, and I should like to know who has a word to say against me?"

For a moment Pat Leeson was silent. He was a labourer on the estate, and he did not want to offend the brother of his employer, though he, as well as the rest of the men, knew Luke's character very well.

In what he had said, however, he had gone too far to retract, and he felt that his courage and character would suffer with his companions if he made no answer.

"What I say, sir," he exclaimed, "and I hope you'll excuse my ignorance if I'm wrong, is, that the horse you sent your brother has been doctored, sure. He didn't act like a horse in his natural state."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Luke Deering. "You fellows are a parcel of fools. You stand here chattering and making a noise when my poor dear brother may be in danger of his life. Let four of you carry him to his room, while a fifth goes for the doctor. I, myself, will speak to his lady."

"He's right," said Pat Leeson, "as far as that goes, and here comes the lady herself. I'll go sakes the docthor, boys. Hurry upstairs with the squire, and the rest of you clear out."

Pat seemed to have a great deal of influence with those who knew him, and his orders were much more readily obeyed than those of Luke Deering would have been.

The men took up their ghastly burden again, and headed by Luke commenced the ascent of the staircase which led to Mr. Deering's bed-chamber.

At this moment the door of the drawing-room opened, and Mrs. Deering appeared, pale as death, and staggering from weakness, as if she had just come out of a faint. Dan rushed to her assistance.

"Oh! Dan," she exclaimed, breathing with difficulty, "what is this? I heard something—about—your father—being—ill."

"Don't worry, mother," replied Dan. "He has had a fall from his horse."

"Which one?"

"The new one Uncle Luke brought down for him to buy, but I don't think he is much hurt. They are taking him upstairs now, and Pat Leeson has gone for the doctor."

"Heaven help me!" answered Mrs. Deering, who sank back in a rustic chair which stood in the hall.

She dearly loved her husband, and the shock of his sudden accident affected her deeply.

With difficulty Dan helped her into the drawing-room, placed her on the sofa, and handed her a bottle of salts to smell at.

For more than an hour she was hysterical, during which time Dan was dutifully in attendance.

Though doing the best he could for his mother, his heart was upstairs with his father, and it was with a sigh of relief that he beheld his Uncle Luke enter the room followed by the doctor.

Their report somewhat reassured Mrs. Deering, who learned that her husband in falling against the wall sustained a slight concussion of the brain, but the doctor hoped that if no alarming symptoms intervened, he was in no danger for the present.

Having written his prescription, and given orders for the patient to be kept as quiet as possible, the man of pills and potions took his leave.

Mrs. Deering looked inquiringly at Uncle Luke.

"Can I see him?" she asked, quietly.

"Under the existing circumstances," replied Luke Deering, "I should advise you not to. If he becomes conscious, you might be of service to him."

"Who is with him?"

"A nurse. Mrs. O'Rourke they call her, and Pat Leeson is gone for the medicine."

Mrs. Deering said no more. It was hard not to be able to see her husband, but her nature was of that quiet, unresisting sort, which the will of a strong man like Luke would easily dominate.

Dan was about to leave the room when Luke stopped him with the abrupt query: "Where are you going to?"

"What's that to you?" replied Dan, returning his angry gaze with interest.

"I am your uncle, and your father's brother," answered Uncle Luke, "and by a strange chance I find myself at Loughmashon at a critical time. As my brother is hurt, and you are a mere boy, I become the head of the family. Is that not so, Mrs. Deering?"

Thus appealed to Mrs. Deering admitted that according to his view of propriety it was so.

"That may be your view of the case," replied Dan, "it is not mine; as my father is ill, I become master of the house, and I order you out of it."

Luke Deering laughed harshly.

"I shall not go," he said.

"Mother," cried Dan, "tell Mr. Deering he is not wanted here."

"Oh! I cannot," she answered. "Your father is so bad, and—and I require some one to help me."

"You can get some one better than him," said Dan, scornfully.

Uncle Luke, who had seized Dan's ear, held it a moment in a vice-like grip, saying:

"I am master here, and you shall go back to your school in Dublin to-morrow."

"It isn't open," replied Dan.

"The teacher shall take care of you until it is. You are a great deal too saucy to your sisters and betters."

"I don't know about 'betters,'" replied Dan. "I don't doctress horses before I send them to people to try."

Luke Deering became livid with rage, and squeezed Dan's ear so tightly as to make him wriggle violently and get away from his grasp.

"What do you mean, sir?" he cried.

"Mean what I say," cried Dan, fearlessly. "If you had not given your horse some medicine he wouldn't have thrown his rider. There isn't a horse in Ireland could do it."

"Mrs. Deering," said Uncle Luke, "I appeal to you for protection. You perhaps have some influence over this boy."

Mrs. Deering looked appealingly at Dan.

"Don't say such dreadful things to your uncle," exclaimed she. "Laurence, he meant no harm, and he is doing his best for us in this crisis."

Dan was silent, for he respected his mother.

"He shall go to school to-morrow," said Uncle Luke.

"Do you agree in that, mother?" asked Dan.

"Well, yes; I think it will be best, as you and your uncle are not likely to agree," she said.

"I never yet refused to obey you, mother," said Dan, "and not going to begin now, but why you should let Uncle Luke make himself everybody here, I don't know."

"Somebody must take the head of affairs, and I am not strong enough."

"Let me."

"You are too young."

"Very well," said Dan, slowly and emphatically, "I'll go to Dublin to-morrow, but I'll not stay there."

"What will you do?" asked Luke Deering, with a sneer.

"That is my business," replied Dan, "and if you are very anxious to know, I dare say you'll find out in time, if you live long enough."

With these words he turned on his heel and went away, leaving the mortification of knowing that Uncle Luke had the best of the encounter. His mother was a weak, good-natured woman, not in the best of health, and ill calculated to bear any trouble.

Luke Deering had come just in time to relieve her of responsibility, and accustomed as she had always been to look to her husband for guidance even in domestic affairs, she was glad of a substitute.

The house being all at sixes and sevens, Dan went into the kitchen and took his supper, but he remarked that dinner was ordered by his uncle and sent upstairs to the library.

Early in the morning he was awake by Pat Lesson, who knocked at his bedroom door.

"Ye be plase to git up, Maister Dan," he exclaimed.

"It's early, Patsey, isn't it?" inquired Dan.

"About six, yer honour."

"And what am I to get up for?"

"I ax orders from your mother and Maister Luke to take ye to the station, to go to Dublin by the morning train. The train starts at nine."

"All right," said Dan, jumping out of bed. "If that's their little game, I'll go, but they'll be sorry for it. How's father?"

"He keeps delirious, sir. It's consumption of the brain."

Dan quickly dressed himself and Patsey put his clothes together in his trunk.

After a hearty breakfast, he took a look at his father, who was too ill to recognise him, and kissing the forehead of the unconscious man, he went to see his mother, whom he found in much concern walking on the terrace.

"I'm going, mother," he exclaimed. "You never have to tell me to do a thing twice."

"You're a good boy, Dan," replied his mother.

"and I wouldn't send you away if I was not persuaded it is the best thing for you. Last night after you had gone to bed, I had a long chat with your uncle, and he is persuaded during your father's illness he can manage all his affairs for me."

"Don't you trust him too far, that's all, mother," said Dan, warningly.

"Oh, Uncle Luke may have been unfortunate, but I don't think he is as bad as he is painted."

"I know what the boys say of him."

"Well—well we won't talk of that, here are five pounds for you, Dan. I'll write every other day, be a good boy always and Heaven bless you."

Dan took the money, kissed his mother good-bye, and was seen rolling down the road in the dog-cart, Patsey Lesson being the driver.

Uncle Luke did not show himself, and Dan would not have spoken to him if he had.

As they drove along the road, Pat remembered:

"Your father is a fine man, and if any thing was to happen to him it would be a great loss to the cause."

"What cause?" asked Dan.

"Ireland for the Irish. We've heard, Maister Dan, that the generals are comin' over from America."

"To liberate Ireland?"

"Yes."

"I've heard something about the Fenian Brotherhood," replied Dan, "but I didn't know my father was mixed up in it, though I know very well he loves Ireland."

"Hush and he's one of the boys, sir, although he's an excellent gentleman. Some one of us can tell what we're to do without him. Luke, his brother, is no man at all at all. He's bad entirely, and I'm sorry he's driven ye out of the house."

"He didn't do it, I obeyed my mother," replied Dan, flushing a little.

"It isn't for the likes of me to talk to yer mother, but yer mother is only a baby, and what else, shure, you're but a boy."

"That's true enough, Patsey, but if Uncle Luke begins any of his shenanigans with me I'll get even with him," said Dan.

Pat Lesson whipped up the horse, which was a spirited animal, and the carriage flew over the road, which was none of the best.

Suddenly there was a whirring noise, followed by a grating sound, and Patsey, knowing something was wrong, pulled up as quickly as he could.

"Tare an' ouns, sorr," he cried as he jumped out, "the tire's broke and if we'd gone a hundred yards further the spokes would have dropped out, as shure as the eyes of a guinea pig if you hold him up by the tail."

Dan smiled, as he had kept guinea pigs and knew the little creatures had no tails, but he was annoyed at the breakdowns, for the roads were muddy and they had yet some distance to go before they reached the station.

Pat Lesson looked ruefully at the broken wheel.

"Bad cess to the tire. What'll we do now, sorr?" he said.

"Walk it," replied Dan.

"We're near Mrs. O'Rourke's cottage," continued Patsey, "and if your honour wouldn't think it an insult for me to ask you to wait here, I'll go and borrow or stale a conveyance."

"That's just what I should like to do," answered Dan. "You know that Molly O'Rourke was a playmate of mine, and I always called her my little sweetheart."

"She's two years older than your honour," said Patsey, "and a sweeter or purtier girl niver was born in ould Ireland. No wonder the boys call her the rose of Ballyhoelan."

"Well, Pat, I'll go and see the Rose, while you try your luck."

"I'll be after lavin' the carriage by the roadside, and walk the horse over the fagids to a farmer's."

"Do so."

"It's a pity I can't see a gossapon to mind yer honour's trunk. Some spalpeen might come along and make free with the contents."

"I don't think it, Patsey," answered Dan; "my name's on it, and the Deerings are respected."

"Divil a bit of respect is there for any one in some of these shreamping comadhons, and yer trunk isn't as solid as the rock of Cashel Sorr."

Dan was obliged to admit that this remark was true, and he was somewhat puzzled how to act, when he discovered a boy advancing along the road.

"Isn't that Barney Magee?" he asked.

"It isn't him it's his double," replied Pat. "I'm whendering what brings him along."

Barney Magee was a half-witted lad, who lived with his father away up in the hills.

He was harmless, although somewhat simple, and nobody ever thought of interfering with him.

It was rumoured that his father, with some other desperate characters, ran an illicit still on a secluded place which defied the revenue men to discover it.

Magee was very popular with the people, who felt deeply for him, because two great misfortunes in their eyes had happened to him.

His landlord, a rich nobleman, had ejected him for non-payment of rent, and his eldest son had, under the influence of drink supplied him by a recruiting officer, enlisted in the British army.

This drove the old man to the hills, and not one of the men who knew where he was would have betrayed his hiding-place for untold gold.

They bought his illicit whisky, paid him for it, and held their tongues.

"Ho, Barney," cried Pat Lesson, "will you come and assist Maister Deering's trunk? We've broke down bad, and I'm goin' to thry my luck in finding something to help us along the road."

"Wouldn't I lay down my life for the son of Tom Deering," replied Barney, who was a dull, heavy-looking lad of sixteen. "Didn't he give us the bite and the sup, when we were starvin'?"

Patsey looked admiringly at him.

"I swear to no soul, sorr," he said. "But the boys isn't so arsy as to forget the hand that fed him."

Barney caught these words, and his face lighted up with a momentary gleam of pleasure.

"I know I'm not bright," he remarked. "When the moon's at the fall me mind goes up to it, and I forget all I ought to remember, but Barney's got a corner in his heart for a Deering."

It was arranged that Barney should mind the trunk, which was in the broken-down carriage, while Pat Lesson went to get another conveyance, and Dan walked on to the O'Rourke's cottage, which could be discerned about a quarter of a mile down the road.

Dan offered Barney a shilling, but the latter pushed his hand away, saying:

"Do ye think I'm that mane I can't do a simple favour without pay?"

"I didn't mean to offend you," replied Dan.

"Don't do it agin or I'll run away," exclaimed Barney. "It's not the like of you I'd be taking money from, though I'm not always so particular. This morning," he added, with a grin, "I got half a sovereign from Pater Mahoney, the ex-rose man."

"How did you do that?" inquired Pat Lesson.

"Wait till I tell ye."

"Shure an' he's the wurrist in the world," continued Pat. "Peter Mahoney pretends to work in with the boys, an' I wouldn't trust him further than I could see him. What did he do ye, an-bou-ohal?"

"I can talk to Maister Dan—Dublin Dan—we call him, and to you, Patsey, for ye've both of ye the good heart."

"That's thrue for the boy," said Pat.

"Pater Mahoney—may the ink-niver turn in his favour—comes to me, and he says, says he:

"'Barney, would ye like a bright new gold paze?'"

"and he shows me a half-sovereign."

"Why wouldn't I?" says I.

"Show me a private still," says he.

"Give me the money, and I will," says I.

"He gave me the gold paze, and I took him along."

Pat Lesson frowned.

"You didn't betray your father!" he exclaimed, severely.

"What are ye talking about now, Patsey? I'm soft, but I know what I owe to myself and the father that bore me. I took him to Ennisfallon, and into the barracks, where the soldiers were drillin'."

"Where's the private still?" he says.

"I pointed out me brother, who listed when he'd had the thrap, and says I: 'You see me brother Bill?'"

"Yes," says he.

"Well," says I, "they won't make him a corporal and he's a private still."

"Oh, bogorra! it's chatin' me ye are; give me back me money, or I'll brake every bone in your skin!" cries he.

"But I was off like a flash of lightin', and I got the laugh of Pater Mahoney, though they do call me silly."

Pat Lesson was so delighted with the story that he shook hands in wild glee with the boy, and assured him that as long as he lived he should never want a friend and protector.

"Ye can tell the boy," said Barney, "that me brother Bill's heart is with the cause, though he does wear the red coat of the Queen of England."

"That's good news," replied Pat Lesson.

We have hinted before that Lesson was one of the many discontented Irishmen who regarded a rising in arms as the only means of improving the condition of their country.

The great dread of the patriots was lest the soldiers should fight against them, and crush out their disaffected bands.

To hear that one soldier quartered at Bunifallon favoured the good cause was indeed excellent news. One man might influence others.

"Och!" cried Barney, becoming excited. "To the depths will theould quans; what do we care for her?"

He snatched his fingers and began to snaper wildly about.

"Hush!" exclaimed Lansen, "we must be careful. The time is not up yet, and it won't do to draw suspicion upon us."

"There's Peter Mahoney. I'm sure he's a spy."

"Mush, bad luck to him. Sing with me, Patsy, and you, too, Dublin Dan, they haven't made an English oppressor of yet at the castle."

"Barrel of beer among four of us,
Hark to the roar of us,
Wish there were more of us,
We'll hang your Queen."

Pat Leeson echoed this treasonable snatch in a subdued voice, and seeing that there was no chance whatever of quelling Barney, motioned to Dan to start for the O'Rourke's cottage, while he himself hastened off across the fields in search of the carriage which was to take the place of the broken one, and help them to continue their journey.

As Dan pursued his way down the road he could distinctly hear the half-witted boy singing his disloyal words, and laughing loudly at intervals, as if it were an excellent joke.

A quick walk of five minutes brought him to a bend in the highway which revealed the cottage of the O'Rourke's, which, though humble, was prettily ornamented with ivy and evergreens. Here Mrs. O'Rourke lived with her daughter, keeping a shabby, or small house of call for travellers.

Molly had been well termed the Rose of Ballyhoonan, for she was the prattiest lass of the whole country side.

All at once Dan heard a woman's voice pitched in a high key, as if in an altercation with some one.

He ran forward and saw a middle-aged man, with small, sharp grey eyes, thick, sensual lips, and a hooked nose, leaning from the cottage.

"It's the last time," exclaimed he, "that ye'll talk that way to Peter Mahoney: 'villains,' and 'git out wid' ye,' are hard words for the like o' me."

He was followed by Molly O'Rourke, who replied: "What did you come here to insult me for, when mother's at Bunifallon, taking the butter to market?"

"Insult ye, is it?" exclaimed Peter Mahoney, "you're the first purty girl that ever thought an offer of a kiss an insult."

"I didn't want your kisses," she replied.

"Don't I love you, maynoosen?" he asked, trying to throw a touch of pathos into his tone.

"It was the whisky, not love, that had got in your head," she rejoined.

A dark scowl came over Mahoney's face.

"Ye've done a bad day's work, Molly O'Rourke," he exclaimed; "and ye'll be sorry for it."

"Not I," she replied, with a defiant toss of the head.

"I'm in the excise, and your mother had best take out her lie-me."

At this threat Molly turned pale.

"You wouldn't be so mean as to injure the widow woman?" she said.

"Oh, I'm mane enough for anything when I choose," he exclaimed.

"At this moment Dan sprang forward, and catching the suspected spy and informer by the collar of his coat, swung him heavily backward, crying as he did so:

"Those were the truest words ever you spoke in your life."

Peter Mahoney sat up in the gutter, and rubbed his back, as he looked angrily at the boy.

"What did you do that for, Mistor Deering?" he asked.

"Clear out, and in future let the O'Rourke's alone. If they are interfered with, it isn't long you'll stay in the excise, if my father has any influence," exclaimed Dan.

Mahoney got up, and after saying that he was only jacking and didn't mean any harm, slunk away, vowing vengeance not only on the O'Rourke's, but on Dublin Dan, too, for daring to interfere with and chastise him as he deserved.

"Oh, Dan," exclaimed Molly, shaking him by the hand, "I'm so glad you came. Peter's always talking nonsense about loving me."

"I don't think he'll do it again," said Dan. "Can I sit down till Patsy comes up. We had a break-down."

"Willingly. If you wouldn't have the welcome,

who would. Didn't you and I go to the village school together before they sent you to Dublin?"

"Yes," answered Dan; "and I've given you many a kiss, haven't I, my pretty Mary?"

"You have, and got many a box on the ear for it, too," she answered, laughing.

"I'm going to risk that now."

He threw his arm round her waist as he spoke, and she made no resistance as he pressed his lips to her damask cheek.

"There," she said, smoothing her rumpled collar, "you're happy now, I hope."

They continued to talk until Patsy arrived with a new vehicle, into which he had transferred the trunk.

He had told Mary about his father's illness, and how his uncle's influence had induced his mother to pack him off to school again at a moment's notice.

"If anything fresh happens, I'll write you to the post-office, Dan," exclaimed Mary.

"Thank you," he replied, "I don't like Uncle Luke, and if father should get worse, and they don't send for me, I shall hear from you how the case stands."

Shaking the Rose of Ballyhoonan heartily by the hand, Dan sprang into the vehicle, took the reins, and set off once more at a spanking pace along the road.

In due course the station was reached. The train puffed and panted when the passengers got in, then it hurried on its way to Dublin.

On reaching the capital, Dan left the trunk at the station to be taken care of till sent for, and walked up to the house in which his schoolmaster resided. It was in a pleasant, but central part of the city.

What was Dan's surprise to find the house shut up, as if no one lived in it.

Repeated bell-ringing and knocking brought up an old woman who had been put in to mind it. She informed Dan, in reply to his questions, that Mr. Mac Manus, the schoolmaster, had gone, with all his family, to spend the remainder of the vacation with some friends in Galway.

Whereupon she slammed the door in his face, and Dan had to walk moodily away, homeless and friendless.

It was growing dark, and much too late to dream of returning to Ballyhoonan that night.

Fortunately he had a little money in his pocket, which would procure him a meal and a night's lodging, if he desired it.

He did not want to go back to Loughmashon unless he heard that his father was worse, because he wished to show his independence to his Uncle Luke.

His walk at last brought him into Sackville-street, where the splendour of the shops would have arrested his attention had he not seen them before.

The lamp-lighter was lighting the lamps, and evening was coming on fast. It was necessary that he should look out for a shelter of some sort. Seeing a hotel he entered, and asked the clerk if he could have a bed.

"Where's your luggage?" asked the clerk, eyeing him suspiciously.

"At the station," replied Dan.

"What name?"

"Daniel Deering, son of Mr. Thomas Deering, of Loughmashon."

"Where's that?"

"Near Ballyhoonan, not far from Bunifallon," answered Dan.

"I'm as wise now as I was before," answered the clerk, "and I'm sorry to refuse you, but the hotel is full at present."

Dan flushed red.

"When I ask you again you can tell me of it," he replied.

"Oh, there's no occasion to get on your high horse about it. Good evening," answered the clerk, coolly.

Dan smothered an angry exclamation, and walked away.

A tall gentleman, well-dressed, having dark eyes, regular features, and a closely-shaven face, had been standing by, apparently engaged in reading an evening paper.

It was evident that he must have heard the conversation between Dan and the clerk unless he was afflicted with deafness.

Scarcely had Dan reached the portico of the hotel than the man was after him. Touching him on the shoulder, he exclaimed:

"Pardon me, young gentleman."

"Are you speaking to me?" asked Dan.

"I am."

"What do you want?"

"Just walk a little way down the street with me and you shall hear."

"Who are you?"

"A friend of the 'cause,' and I hope that is all I need say to a Deering."

Dan suffered himself to be led along the street until a dark, unfrequented thoroughfare was reached.

Then the stranger stopped, and looking intently at Dan, under the sickly glare cast by the lamplight, exclaimed:

"Listen."

Dan returned his gaze steadily, wondering who the stranger might be, and what was coming.

(To be Continued.)

A FATHER'S LOVE.

A FAMILY who had lived happily together for many years, became disturbed by the conduct of the eldest son, who had become dissipated, and frequently brought the family into disgrace by his conduct.

Prodigal, as he was, he wandered from his father's home, but always the loving parent forgave him and brought him back. At last he became so bad that the other children told their father that the next time their brother disgraced them he would have to leave the house for good, or they would. It was not long before the weak brother again gave way to temptation, and plunged deeper into vice than ever.

The father was restrained by his family from going after his unfortunate boy, but at last the prodigal came to himself, and, longing to once more enter the happy home he had left, he sent to his kind father a letter full of penitence and self-reproach, pleading for the forgiveness which he felt he did not merit.

The father's heart went out to his boy. He longed to welcome the wanderer back; but his other children would not listen to him.

"No!" they said, "choose between us. If our brother comes back, we will leave you. He has been pardoned repeatedly, but forgiveness to him has only been encouragement to do worse. We will not live in the same house with him."

In vain the father pleaded for his first-born. In vain he read his letter to them, and beginning with the youngest, implored them individually to forgive their brother once more. They each answered:

"No!"

When he came to the eldest girl he appealed to her sympathy, saying:

"Remember he was your playmate in childhood, your companion in youth—will you not allow him to come back?"

But she answered:

"No!"

The father could stand it no longer. He saw there was nothing left for him but to make amends between them. He loved his children all; he could not bear to part with them, but then he thought of his poor prodigal son, away from the protection of his home, exposed to the temptations he could so hardly resist, and as the last answer was given to his earnest appeal his determination was formed.

"He shall come home," he said; "I love him more than you all. I will bring him back, and as long as I have a home he shall share it with me."

The prodigal was brought back; and, won by a father's love, he changed his course and became, in time, an honoured member of society. Thus it is ever—love will conquer when everything else fails.

FROM the periodical returns of the strength of the Royal Navy, recently issued, we find that more vessels have been added to the list within the last six months of the past year than in a similar period for some time past. According to that return, no less than eleven vessels of various tonnage and power have been launched during that period, and at the present time there are under construction at the Government Dockyards and by private firms thirty-eight vessels.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hand preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb.

THE
FORREST HOUSE;
OR,
EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORREST HOUSE.

Just where it was located does not matter to the reader, and it is not my purpose to tell further than that it was in the southern part of England, in one of those pretty little towns which skirt the sea, and that from the bluff or eminence on which it stood you could look across the water into the green fields and fertile plains of the fair Isle of Thanet.

It was a very large, rambling house of dark gray stone, with double piazzas on the front and river side, and huge chimneys, with old-time fireplaces, where cheery wood fires burned always when the wind was chill.

There was the usual wide hall of the south, with doors opening front and rear, and on one side the broad oak staircase and square landing two-thirds of the way up where stood the tall, old-fashioned clock, which had ticked there for fifty years, and struck the hour when the first Forrest, and father of the present proprietor, brought home his bride, a fair southern flower, who did not bear transplanting well, and who drooped and pined in her northern home until her husband took her back to her native city, Ramsgate, where she died when her boy was born.

This boy, the father of our hero, was christened James Everard, in the grim old church, St. Michael's, and the years of his boyhood were passed in Ramsgate, except on a few occasions when he visited his father, who lived at Forrest House, without other companionship than his horses and dogs, and the bevy of servants he had brought from the south.

When James was nearly twenty-one, his father died, and then the house was closed for many years, nor opened again until the heir was married, and came to it with a sweet pale-faced Belgravian, of rare culture and refinement, who introduced into her new home many of the fashions and comforts of town life, and made the house very attractive to the educated families in the neighbourhood.

Between the lady and her husband, however, there was this point of difference—while she would, if possible, have changed, and improved, and modernized the house, he clung to everything savouring of the past, and though liberal in his expenditures where his table, and wines, and horses, and servants were concerned, he held a tight purse string when it came to what he called luxuries of any kind.

What had been good enough for his father was good enough for him, he said, when his wife proposed new furniture for the rooms which looked so bare and cheerless. Matting and oil-cloth were better than carpets, he said, especially for his muddy boots and muddier dogs, while as to curtains and shades, they were nuisances any way, and only served to keep out the light of Heaven. There were blinds at all the windows, and if she wished for anything more she could hang up her shawl or apron when she was dressing and afraid of being seen.

This was the rougher, the worst side of the man, while his better nature prompted him to give his wife one hundred pounds to do with as she pleased, and with that and her exquisite taste and ingenuity, she transformed a few of the dark, musty old rooms into the coziest, prettiest apartments imaginable, and with the exception of absolutely necessary repairs and supplies, that was the last, so far as expenditures for furniture were concerned.

As the house had been when James Everard, Jr., was born, so it was now when he was twenty years old. But what it lacked in its interior adornments was more than made up in the grounds, which covered a space of three or four acres, and were beautiful in the extreme.

Here the judge lavished his money without stint and people came from miles round to see the place when it was at its best, as it was that warm July morning when, tired and worn with his rapid journey, Everard entered the highway gate, and walked up the road to the house, under the tall maples which formed an arch over his head.

It was very still about the house. One, two, or three dogs lay in the sunshine asleep on the veranda. At the sound of his steps they awoke, and recognising their young master, ran towards him, with a bark of welcome.

The windows of his mother's room were open,

and at the bark of the dogs a girlish face was visible for an instant, then disappeared from view, and Rosamond Hastings came out to meet him, looking very fresh and sweet in her short gingham dress and white apron, with her rippling hair tied with a blue ribbon, and falling down her back.

"Oh, Mr. Everard," she cried, as she gave him her hand, "I am so glad you have come. Your mother has wanted you so much. She is a little better this morning, and asleep just now; so come in here and rest. You are tired, and worn, and pale. Are you sick?" and she looked anxiously into the handsome face, where even she saw a change, for the shadow of his secret was there haunting every moment of his life.

"No; I'm just used up, and so hungry," he said, as he followed her into the cool family room, looking out upon the river, which she had made bright with flowers in expectation of his coming.

"Hungry, are you?" she said. "I'm so glad, for there's the fattest little chicken waiting to be broiled for you, and we have such splendid black and white raspberries. I'm going to pick them now, while you wash and brush yourself. You will find everything ready in your room, with some curtains and tidies on the chairs. I did it myself, hoping you'd find it pleasant, and stay at home all the vacation, even if your mother gets better, she is so happy to have you here. Will you go up now?"

He went up to the room which had always been his—a large, airy chamber, which, with nothing modern or expensive in it, looked so cool and pretty, with its clean matting, snowy bed, fresh muslin curtains, and new blue and white tidies on the high-backed chairs, all showing Rosalie's handiwork.

Rosalie had been in Miss Beatrice Belknap's lovely room furnished with blue, and thought it a little heaven, and tried her best to make Mr. Everard's a blue room, too, though she had nothing to do it with except the tidies, and toilet set, and lambrequins made of plain white muslin bordered with strips of blue cambric.

The material for this she had bought with her own allowance, at the cost of some personal sacrifice; and when it was all done, and the two large blue vases were filled with flowers and placed upon the mantel she felt that it was almost equal to Miss Belknap's, and that Mr. Everard, as she always called him, was sure to like it.

And he did like it, and breathed more freely there, as if he were in a purer, more wholesome atmosphere than that of the brown house in far-off Holburton, where he had left his secret and his wife. It came to him with a sudden wrench of pain there in his quiet room—the difference between Josephine and all his early associates and surroundings.

She was not like anything at the Forrest House, though she was marvellously beautiful and fair—so much fairer than little Rosalie, whose white cape bonnet he could see flitting among the bushes in the garden, where in the hot sunshine she soiled and pricked her fingers gathering berries for him.

He had a photograph of Josephine, and he took it out and looked at the great blue eyes and fair blonde face, which seemed to smile on him, and saying to himself "She is very lovely," went down to the sitting-room, where Rosalie brought him his breakfast.

It was so hot in the dining-room, she said, and Aunt Hannah was so out of sorts this morning because the butter became so soft, that she was just going to serve his breakfast there in the bay window, where the breeze came cool from the river.

So she brought in the tray of dishes, and creamed his coffee, and sugared his berries, and carved his chicken, as if he had been a prince and she his lawful slave.

At Mrs. Fleming's he had also been treated like a prince, but there it was lame Agnes who served, with her sleeves rolled up, and Josephine had acted the part of the fine lady, and never to his recollection had she soiled her hands with household work of any kind.

How soft and white they were—quite as white as those of Beatrice Belknap, the heiress and belle of Rothsay, while Rosalie's hands were thin and tanned from exposure to the sun, and stained and scratched, with a rag around one thumb which a cruel thorn had torn; but what deft, nimble hands they were, nevertheless, and how gladly they waited upon this tired, indolent young man, who lay back in his chair and enjoyed it all, and took it as a matter of course, for had not Rosalie Hastings ministered to him since she was old enough to hunt up his missing cap and bring him the book he was reading, to say nothing of lighting his cigar, and handing it to him, even when the smell of the smoke made her sick and faint.

Now, as she flitted about him, urging him to eat, she talked to him incessantly, asking if he had re-

ceived her letter and its contents safely—if it was very pleasant with his friend Stafford, and if—she did not finish that question, but her large black eyes, clear as crystal, looked anxiously at him, and he knew what she meant.

"No, Rosalie," he said, laughingly, "I do not owe a shilling to anybody except your dear little self, and that I mean to pay with compound interest, and I haven't been in a single scrape—that is, not a very bad scrape, since I want back," and a blood-red flush crept to the roots of his hair as he wondered what Rosamond would think if she knew just the scrape he was in.

And why should she not know? Why didn't he tell her, and so have her help him keep the secret tormenting him so sorely. He knew he could trust her, for he had done so many a time, and she had not betrayed him, but stood bravely between him and his irascible father, who, forgetting that he once was young, was sometimes hard and severe with his wayward son.

Yes, he would tell Rosalie, and so make a friend for Josephine, but before he had decided how to begin, Rosamond said:

"Oh, I'm so glad you are doing better, for—"

Here she hesitated and coloured painfully, while Everard said:

"Well, go on. What is it? Do you mean the governor rides a high horse on account of my misde-

meanours?"

"Yes, Mr. Everard, just that. He is dreadful when you write for mere money, which he says you squander on cigars, and fast horses, and fine clothes, and girls; he actually said girls, but my—your mother told him she knew you were not the kind of person to think of girls, and you so young; absurd!"

And Rosalie pursed up her little mouth as if it were a perfectly preposterous idea for Everard Ferret to be thinking of the girls!

The young man laughed a low, musical laugh, and replied:

"I don't know about that. I should say it was just in my line. There are ever so many pretty girls in Millicottville and Holburton, and one of them is so very beautiful that I'm half tempted to run away with and marry her. What would you think of that, Rosalie?"

For a moment the matter of fact Rosalie looked at him curiously and then replied:

"I should think you crazy, and you not yet through college. I believe your father would disinherit you, and serve you right to."

"And you, Rosalie; wouldn't you stand by me and help me if I got into such a mess?"

"Never!" and Rosalie spoke with all the decision and dignity of thirty. "It would kill your mother, too. I sometimes think that she means you for Miss Belknap; she is so handsome this summer!"

"Without her hair?" Everard asked.

Rosalie replied:

"Yes, without her hair. She has a wig, but does not quite like it. She means to get another."

"And she offered ten pounds for your hair?" Everard continued, stroking with his hand the wavy chestnut brown tresses flowing down Rosalie's back.

"Yes, she did, and showed me the money; but I could not part with my hair even to oblige her. Of course I should give it to her, not sell it, but I can't spare it."

What an unselfish child she was, Everard thought, and yet she was so unlike the golden haired Josephine, who would make fun of such a plain, simple, unlearned girl as Rosamond, and call her green and awkward and countrified; and perhaps she was all these, but she was so good, and pure, and truthful that he felt abashed before her and shrank from the earnest, truthful eyes that rested so proudly on him lest they should read more than he cared to have them.

Outside, in the hall, there was the sound of a heavy step, and the next moment there appeared in the door a tall, heavily built man of fifty, with iron-gray hair and keen, restless eyes which always seemed on the alert to discover something hidden and drag it to the light.

Judge Forrest meant to be a just man, but like many just men when the justice is not tempered with mercy, he was harsh and hard with those who did not come up to his standard of integrity, and seldom made allowances for one's youth and inexperience, or the peculiar temptations which might have assailed them.

Though looked up to as the great man of the town, he was far less popular with the people of Rothsay than his scamp of a son, with whom they thought him unnecessarily strict and close. It was well known there was generally trouble between them and always on the money question, for Everard was a dreadful spendthrift and scattered his shillings right and left with a reckless generosity

and thoughtlessness, while the judge was just the reverse and gave out every penny not absolutely needed with an unwillingness that amounted to actual stinginess.

And now he stood at the door, tall, grand-looking, and cold as an icicle, and his first greeting was:

"I thought I should track you by the tobacco smoke; they told me you were here. How do you do, sir?"

It was strange the effect that voice had upon Everard, who, from an indolent, care-for-nothing, easy-going youth was transformed into a circumspect, dignified young man, who rose at once, and, taking his father's hand, said that he was very well, had come by the morning train, and had started as soon as he could after receiving the telegram.

"It must have been delayed then. You ought to have had it Wednesday morning," Judge Forrest replied.

And blushing like a girl Everard replied that it did reach Ellicottville Wednesday, but he was in Holburton.

"And what were you doing at Holburton?" the father asked, always suspicious of some new trick or escapade for which he would have to pay.

"I was invited there to an entertainment," Everard said, growing still redder and more confused. "You know I boarded there a few weeks last summer, and have acquaintances, so I went down the night before, and Stafford came that evening and brought the telegram, but did not tell me till the play was over and we were in the room; then it was too late, but I took the first train in the morning. I hope my delay has not made mother worse. I am very sorry, sir."

He had made his explanation, which his father accepted without a suspicion of the chasm bridged over in silence.

"You have seen your mother, of course?" was his next remark, and, still apologetically, nay, almost abjectly, for Everard was terribly afraid of his father, he replied:

"She was sleeping when I came, and Rossie thought I better not disturb her, but have my breakfast first. I have finished now, and will go to her if she is awake."

He had put Rossie in the gap, knowing that she was a tower of strength, an all-powerful barrier between himself and his father.

During the years she had been in the family, Rossie had become very dear to the cold, stern judge, who was kinder and gentler to her than to any living being, except indeed, his dying wife, to whom he was, in his way, sincerely attached.

"Yes, very right and proper that you should have your breakfast first and not disturb her. Rossie, see if she is now awake," he said, and in his voice there was a kindness which Everard was quick to note, and which made his pulse beat more naturally, while there suddenly woke within him an intense desire to stand well with his father, between whom and himself there had been so much variance.

For Josephine's sake he must have his father's good opinion, or he was ruined, and though it cost him a tremendous effort to do so the moment Rosamond left the room, he said:

"Father, I want to tell you now, because I think you will be glad to know that I've come home and left no debt, however small, for you to pay. And I mean to do better. I really do, father, and quit my fast associates, and study so hard that when I am graduated you and mother will be proud of me."

The flushed, eager face, on which young as it was, there were marks of revels and dissipation, was very handsome and winning, and the dark eyes were moist with tears as the boy finished his confession, which told visibly upon the father.

"Yes, yes, my son. I'm glad; I'm glad; but your poor mother will not be here when you graduate. She is going from us fast."

And under cover of the dying mother's name, the judge veiled his own emotions of softening toward Everard, whose heart was lighter and happier than it had been since that night when Matthewson's voice had said:

"I pronounce you man and wife."

And he would be a man worthy of the wife, and his mother should live to see it, and to see Josephine, too, and love her as a daughter. She was not dying; she must not die, when he needed and loved her so much, he thought, as, at a word from Rosamond, he went to the sick room where his mother lay.

What a sweet, dainty little woman she was, with such a lovely expression on the exquisitely chiselled features, and how the soft brown eyes, so like the son's, brightened at the sight of her boy, who did not shrink from her as he did from his father. She knew all his faults, and that under them there

was a noble, manly nature, and she loved him so much.

"Oh, Everard!" she cried, I am so glad you have come. I feared once I should never see you again."

He had his arms round her, and was kissing her white face, which, for the moment, glowed with what seemed to be the glow of health, and so misled him into thinking her better than she was.

"Now that I have come, mother, you will be well again," he said, hanging fondly over her, and looking into the dear face which had never worn a frown for him.

"No, Everard," she said, as her wasted fingers threaded his luxuriant hair, "I shall never be well again. It's only now a matter of time; a few days or weeks at the most, and I shall be gone from here for ever to that better home, where I pray Heaven you will one day meet me. Hush, hush, my child; don't cry like that," she added soothingly, for, struck with the expression on her white, pinched face, from which all the colour had faded, and which told him the truth more forcibly than she had done, Everard had felt suddenly that his mother was going from him, and nothing in all the wide world could ever fill her place to him.

Laying his head upon her pillow he sobbed a few moments like a child, while the memory of all the errors of his past life, all his waywardness and folly, rushed into his mind like a mountain crushing him with its magnitude. But he was going to do better; he had told his father so; he would tell it to his mother; and knowing that she would surely grow well again. He would not let her die, but give her back to him as a kind of reward for his reformation.

So he reasoned, and with the hopefulness of youth grew calm, and could listen to what his mother was saying to him. She was asking him of his visit in Ellicottville, and if he had found it pleasant there, just as Rossie had done, and he told her of the play in Holburton, but for which he should have been with her sooner, and told her of his complete reform, he called it, although it had just begun.

He had abjured for ever all his wild associates; he had kept out of debt; he was going to study and win the first honours of his class; he was going to be a man worthy of such a mother. And she, the mother, listening rapturously, believed it all; that is, believed in the noble man he would one day be, though she knew there would be many a slip, many a backward step, but in the end he would conquer, and from the realms of bliss she might, perhaps, be permitted to look down and see him all she hoped him to be.

Over and above all he said to her was a thought of Josephine. His mother ought to know of her, and he must tell her, but not then; not in the first moments of meeting. He would wait till to-morrow, and then make a clean breast of it to her, who would surely forgive him when she knew all the circumstances attending that rash marriage.

He wrote to Josephine that night just a few brief lines, to tell her of his safe arrival home, and of his mother's illness, more serious than he feared.

"MY DEAR LITTLE WIFE," he began—"It seems so funny to call you wife, and I cannot yet quite realise that you are mine, but I suppose it is true. I reached home this morning quite overcome with the long dusty ride; found mother worse than I expected. Josey, I am afraid mother is going to die, and then what shall I do, and who will stand between me and father. I mean to tell her of you, for I think it will not be right to let her die in ignorance of what I have done. I hope you are well. Please write to me very soon. With kind regards to your mother and Agnes."

"Your loving husband,

"J. EVERARD FORREST."

It was not just the style of letter which young and ardent husbands usually write to their brides; nor, in fact, such as Everard had been in the habit of writing to Josephine, when he called her his darling and his pet, and made frequent reference to her "hair of spun gold," her "eyes of cerulean blue," and her "rose-leaf complexion," and the great difference struck him as he read over his rather stiff note, and mentally compared it with the gushing effusions of other times.

"By Jove," he said, "I'm afraid she will think I have fallen off amazingly, but I haven't. I'm only tired to night. To-morrow I'll send her a regular love-letter after I have told mother;" and thus reasoning to himself, he folded the letter and directed it:

"MISS JOSEPHINE FLEMING, Holburton.

He could not give her her rightful name. Mrs.

J. E. Forrest," but he wrote it two or three times on a slip of paper, just to see how it looked, and felt his heart go out toward the girl who was Mrs. J. E. Forrest, with a thrill of pride that she was his, though there was a wish that it had not been quite so soon, or left upon him the burden of a secret which was beginning to weigh so heavily.

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

AMOUNT OF MAIDEN-HAIR FERN USED IN BOUQUETS.—Some idea of the extent to which Maiden-hair Fern is used in Covent-garden for bouquet-making may be gleaned from the fact that Mr. Rochford, of Tottenham, has several very large, span-roofed houses entirely devoted to its culture for furnishing fronds in a cut state. The plants are grown in 12-in. pots, and in order to keep up a succession, only a portion of them is cut at a time, those which furnish such fronds being subjected to a lower temperature than the rest, by which means the fronds assume a deeper green colour, and last longer after being cut than they otherwise would.

A BIT of cotton put into a bird's cage over night will attract the insects. The cotton may be removed in the morning and cremated.

CARRIER-PIGEONS IN THE SERVICE OF PILOTS.—A good idea is now commencing to be carried out in England; carrier pigeons are being trained in some of the lighthouses, so as to adapt them to the service of pilot boats. After a while numbers of these pigeons will be distributed to pilots, who, in case of an emergency when help is needed, can send a despatch to the lighthouse, mentioning the place from where sent and the kind of help needed; the despatch will then be sent by telegraph to the nearest station, and the needed assistance despatched at once. This is no doubt an innovation which promises to be the means of saving many lives and much property, and deserves imitation among all civilised maritime nations.

GERMINATION OF ANCIENT SEED.—An interesting observation, referring to the power of germination in seed which is hundreds and even thousands of years old, is said to have been made by Professor Hendreich in Greece. In the silver mines of Laurium only the slags left by the ancient Greeks are at present worked, in order to gain, by an improved modern method, silver still left in that dross. This refuse ore is probably about two thousand years old. Among it the seeds of a species of glaucium or poppy were found, which had slept in the darkness of the earth during all that time. After a little while, when the slags were brought up and worked off at the smelting ovens, there suddenly arose a crop of glaucium plants, with a beautiful yellow flower, of a kind unknown in modern botany, but described by Pliny and others as a common flower in ancient Greece.

HUMOUR AND SARCASM.

It is not everybody that knows where to joke, or when or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions had better not joke at all. A gentleman never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither a good nor a wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh.

Old Esop, who was doubtless the subject of many jibes on account of his humped back, tells the story in the fable of "The Boys and Frogs." What was fun to the youngsters was the death of the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take a friendly joke in the same light coin, and will require it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart double entendre or a tart repartee.

Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when levelled at social foibles and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force or logic.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THREE were only one or two drowsy-looking waiters about the entrance of the hotel as we passed out into the yet perfectly quiet and empty street, each with our swords tucked up under our cloak, and our best chimney-pot hats upon our heads, which De Lyons had insisted upon our wearing, in preference to the more unpretending billy-cock of travelling order, as a mark of courtesy to our antagonists; though mine, kicked and flattened as it had been out of all recognised form, by Gories having been rolling upon it through the whole of our night's journey, could, I fear, scarcely be considered to contribute much to the dignity of my personal appearance.

Though the sun was not yet risen, the morning air, clear and sharp with frost, was so invigorating to the spirits that, with the exception of a qualm, which for a moment or so came over me as I thought of my poor father, who would be now anxiously and vainly expecting my arrival, I felt comfortable enough and quite ready for my work, or, as Taraxacum expressed himself, "at all over, and right as a rivet."

On the very doorsteps we met an officer in a long military cloak and kepi, whom De Lyons instantly saluted and introduced to me as the Major. He was coming, as we guessed, to look after and conduct his principal, the Captain Tison, with proper ceremony to the place of meeting.

He had very thoughtfully brought a soldier-servant with him to show us the way, as it had occurred to him, he said, that it might be an embarrassment for all of us to have to go together under his own guidance to the place of meeting. So with another most courteous salute, and having mentioned that we should probably find the surgeon, and his friend, the accommodating sous-lieutenant, already arrived, the major passed into the hotel.

Our guide without uttering a word, but having respectfully taken the sword to carry for us, led the way across a very large square, or place, on to a very fine quay, which, with its immensely high and overtopping buildings, seemed to stretch away to an interminable length in both directions; over a handsome bridge, on which, besides only about half-a-dozen or so stray people, who seemed to be coming in from the country, we met with a sergeant de-ville in undress uniform, who looked very hard at, and then stopped, our conductor.

"Now we are in for it," we said; but no, our soldier seemed very easily to satisfy him, though by his looks and gestures we could see that he was evidently explaining the connection between ourselves and the sword which he was carrying openly in his hand.

And as we came up, instead of addressing, or, at any rate, scrutinising us, as we fully expected the gendarme to do, that discreet official was leaning over the parapet of the bridge, gazing very intently upon some object of much greater interest than ourselves, which seemed to have attracted his special notice in the rushing waters of the Rhone below.

"See, now, how much better they manage things here in France," remarked De Lyons. "Why in England, under less auspicious appearances, we should have had a dozen blunder-headed policemen at our heels by this time. And yet we are always crowing and cock-a-hoop about our boasted land of liberty."

Having crossed the bridge, we shortly found ourselves in a suburb, and there our guide—thinking, I suppose, that as strangers we might find some interest in the fact—stopped to inform us that it was known as "Le quartier de la guillotine."

Having halted just long enough to convey this rather ominous announcement, he continued his course, skirting the high wall of what seemed like some ancient castle or a fortification, at the back of which, having arrived at a low archway, which disclosed a passage under what seemed to be a deserted chapel, or perhaps convent, he drew himself up, and presenting us with our swords, made a sign for us to pass on; then, with a military salute, took a silent but respectful leave of us.

We heard the clocks and bells of the city chiming out half-past seven just as emerging from the passage, we found ourselves in a small paddock or field, which, although there were no traces of gravestones or monuments in it, may probably have been the burial ground attached to the sacred edifice under which we had entered.

Surrounded on all sides by a high wall, and not even overlooked by any window in the building I have mentioned, no place could have been imagined

or even made expressly, more exactly suited to the purpose for which we had been brought to it.

The ground was already occupied by two persons, the one very short and round, wearing a double eyeglass, which stuck by compression upon a most comical red lump of a nose, just like a piece of beet-root.

"The jovial doctor, of course," whispered Taraxacum. "Don't he look a regular jolly fellow, now, all over?"

The other, a bright-eyed, active, well-made little man, who instantly suggested the idea of a fancy black-and-tan terrier. I caught the glance of my companion as he was not unnaturally taking a mental measure of his special antagonist and by the twist of his eye I inferred that he would not altogether mind making an exchange of him to me for the captain. The two officers drew themselves up, and saluted us exuberantly as we approached, to which we replied equally respectfully, by removing our chimney-pot hats and bowing to each separately.

"Ought we to introduce each other, or go up to speak to those swells?" I said, sotto voce, to De Lyons, on whom I entirely relied for guidance in all the proper forms and regulations of etiquette.

"I am not sure," replied he. "It might look like trying to make up to them: one can never be too particular in keeping to the strictest formalities."

They did not seem quite sure either, for they had advanced at first, and then stopped short and stood staring at us; so we stood and stared at them; but being in doubt, had settled that we would not be the first to attempt conversation. They also, I fancy, had come to precisely the same resolution.

"Your man must be here directly," said Taraxacum, "that will settle the difficulty; but I wish he would come; his plaguy old hare on this frosty grass."

Still we waited.

"Have you a bit of a smoke about you?" presently inquired Taraxacum.

"No; I have come out without my case—besides it wouldn't do, I think. Those swells throw away their cigars when we come on to the ground."

"Ah! strict etiquette, I daresay. It won't do to show ourselves ignorant in such matters; it is always the best to keep on the strict side—but bother it! how cold my poor toes are getting."

So were mine, and my fingers too, so that I could scarcely hold my sword hilt. "How would it do," I suggested, "to have a practice?"

"Not at all. We have got no surks! besides, it would look so funny, not to speak of letting that sharp-looking subaltern, who I am sure knows quite enough already, twig the trick of my pet under-twist."

We heard the clocks striking another quarter.

"Confound them! this is too bad of your man," said De Lyons, quite indignantly, as if it was my fault. "What do you mean by engaging with such a lazy beggar?—you, or at least he, ought really to be ashamed of himself; my feet are frozen, I can tell you. I must jump, or run, or dance, or do something."

De Lyons' patience was fast evaporating, and so was his strict attention to etiquette; forgiving me his sword to hold for him, he first began to throw up his hat, and try to catch it on his head, and then to the violent performance of a double shuffle, or nigger-dance, accompanying himself by slapping his hands together, and singing—

"Oh, Susannah!

Don't you cry for me,

I am going to Alabama

On the borders of the sea."

"Don't," I said: "remember where you are, my dear fellow. Do have some regard to decency and etiquette."

"Oh, bother! he replied. "Those Frenchy's didn't see me—they had their backs to us."

That was luckily the fact at the moment, for they were turned away, talking together earnestly, and looking towards the place by which we had entered. Still there we were waiting. In about two minutes, Taraxacum began again, at first only with a subdued stamp, but which quickly increased into the recognised heel-and-toe performance, with "Oh, Susannah."

"Don't," I said, "make such a fool of yourself. The Frenchmen are looking; they are laughing at you."

"The duce they are!" said Taraxacum. "Give me my sword—I'll give them something to laugh at!"

As he turned, the major appeared at the entrance, alone, and all the clocks in the city were booming out "eight." Yes, the major only. He appeared to

have been running—that is, as fast as any Frenchman with his stumpy little steps can be said to run. We could see in his face, even before he had recovered breath enough to speak, that something strange had occurred.

"Messieurs," he panted, "my friend Captain Tison would not thus have kept you waiting, but a terrible event has overtaken him. On entering his uncle's room to receive his last instructions before attending upon you—gentlemen, at this rendezvous, figure to yourselves his emotions of horror at finding that venerable relative fallen in a fit—if not even already dead, rigid and unconscious. Doctor, there is no time to lose, but, gentlemen, under circumstances so astounding, you can hardly have expected the captain to have quitted the bedside of the nearest relation he has in the world, while there is a shade of hope left to him. He has commissioned me to tender any apology which may be required, for thus having needlessly troubled you, besides a complete retraction of his words of last night; leaving it to yourselves, gentlemen, whether you shall in return think fit to offer any expressions of regret for any measures which you may have at the time thought necessary to put in force."

Of course I immediately made the requisite little speech, at the same time returning our weapons, with thanks, to their courteous owner.

We hastened back with all speed to the hotel, utterly forgetting even to look for the slashing young hero by the way, until pushing our way, with the rest of the world, into No. 56; we found that the sharp-eyed terrier was the doctor, who was in the act of trying the poor vicomte's arm with his lancets, to which fact my attention was specially called by De Lyons' sudden exclamation of:

"By Jingo! the jolly-nosed chap in spectacles was my man then. I think I could have spitted his foils for him without much trouble."

I could not help giving Taraxacum a rattling side kick for this brutal insensibility in the very presence of the poor dead old man. It gave me a turn as I looked upon those straggling white locks and ghastly paleness of those features which last night had been so hot and fiery with rage. His eyes were still wide open, and there was an expression about them, and in the deep lines of the fallen jaw, indicative of the most intense horror and fear, as if some dreadful person or object had been present to his last fixed gaze.

The little doctor was wiping the blade of his lancet, and shook his head slowly to the captain, who was still supporting his uncle's body on the opposite side of the bed. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike De Lyons, who, since my very pointed rebuke, had been standing as quietly and reverently as anybody.

"Where is Gories?" he suddenly exclaimed. "On, est le petit Monsieur Anglais?" turning to inquire of some of the waiters. Then he went up to the side of the bed—no one interfered with him—gently lifting the eyelid of the already open eye, peered closely and curiously into the unnaturally dilated pupil.

"That is it, sure enough," he muttered, as if having gathered some assurance from his scrutiny; "I believe he might be revived yet. Le Monsieur Gories still in the house—le petit Monsieur Anglais?" he again inquired.

"Was he then a doctor?" asked many voices—"so petit main original?"

He had paid his bill and left for Chalons by the second boat, which departed at half-past seven, precisely.

"This is Gories's work, as sure as I am alive," whispered De Lyons, very quietly to me, as he withdrew from the bedside.

He might perhaps have been able to have undone what I have no doubt is his doing. What would I have given never to have heard those dreadful words!

If he had not suggested the terrible idea, I am certain that would never have even occurred to me. But now I was indeed struck down and almost stunned with the transcendence heinousness of so atrocious a deed, in which I could not but feel that I was myself not slightly implicated as an accessory.

With just presence of mind remaining to prevent betraying myself upon the spot by some rash word or expression of self-implication, I rushed off to my own room, in a perfect agony of grief and horror; and from the actual scene which I had just witnessed, my mind naturally turned from the picture of that poor old man, whom I had just seen lying there fixed in death before my eyes, to that of my own poor father, who might perhaps at that very moment be like him stretched lifeless on a bed surrounded by a stowier group of strangers gazing and wondering at him.

That fearful idea once conceived, became more and more distinct before me, haunting me to that

degree that, as I rolled upon my bed, I almost cried aloud in the agony of my spirit.

De Lyons came after a time to my door; he entered very gently, and seemed amazed at the extent to which he found me affected. He seemed to be himself vexed and rather flustered, and he no longer kept up that cold-blooded irreverence of manner which had so much disgusted me.

But he told me, that finding Gorles was really gone—who he really thought might have been able to restore the old man to animation—that he himself had boldly announced his own experience in similar cases, and had offered, if the room was cleared, to try his skill; but that neither the nephew or the doctors—for a second had been called in—would listen to him, or even appear to understand what he was talking about.

Both the medical men concurred and stuck to the opinion that the immediate cause of death was in the heart; and of course it would never have done to have let out that he had any reason to suppose Gorles could have been exercising his magnetic influence upon the old man, or had ever been near his room; the only effect of which would have been as De Lyons very truly remarked, that we should have been pretty sure of being hauled up for accomplices.

He told me he had even slipped back into the room afterwards, when all had left it, and having put a jug of cold water ready, was actually beginning with some upward passes to disperse the magnetic forces, but the police authorities had come in to take official possession of the body, and turned him out again.

"Well, it cannot be helped," he went on to philosophise; "he couldn't have lasted long anyhow in the course of nature—past seventy-four as they tell me, is above any Frenchman's average; and he was even now on his way to Paris for medical advice. So all we have to do is to hold our tongues and keep our own counsel, and get on our own way as fast as possible. I have taken care to make a great point to my friend the major and the rest of them of your natural anxiety to get on to your father without a moment's delay, and as they tell me the malle-poste starts at noon for Chalons, I sent to secure the two places at once. In the meantime the major has asked us to come and breakfast with him at the restaurant, where we are to meet that varmint-looking little surgeon, and the ruby-nosed subaltern, and a lot of them. I can't let all get over his not being the jovial doctor, he looked the part so thoroughly—didn't he, now?"

I utterly declined the invitation. I had not heart for it; and so I begged him to make any excuses on my part he liked.

"Ah well," said De Lyons, trying his best to look sympathising. "I agree with you, and quite understand your feelings, my dear fellow; but though, like you, I should have preferred to have declined, it struck me, you see, that it might disarm suspicion, and throw them off the scent, if there should arise any idea of—well—not foul play exactly, but science carried accidentally just a little too far; so I made up my mind to hide my shocked feelings beneath a mask of hollow gaiety, and accepted the invitation. They seem right good-hearted fellows; and besides, what on earth is one to do with oneself in this strange place till twelve o'clock? Now you must change your mind and come! Au revoir then—at twelve."

(To be Continued.)

A TRYING POSITION.

There is nothing funny in seasons love-making, although society at large seems to think so. Owing to this belief, lovers are, from the first, placed in an unfortunate position. Dreading ridicule, they pretend to scorn the idea that they could fall victims to the tender passion, and act in the idiotic manner in which lovers generally are supposed to act.

There are plenty of spoony young men, but few who have the courage to confess that they are in love, though many are audacious enough to pretend that certain ladies are very much enamoured of them.

They will avow, that they are indulging in furious flirtations, but would not on any account have you to believe that their hearts are seriously touched. They shrink from the "chaff" with which the acknowledged lover is showered by would-be witty friends.

If young Spoons is seen speaking to Miss Lollipop, and if Miss Lollipop is detected in the act of smiling upon young Spoons, acquaintances immediately give utterance to innuendoes of a most mysterious character, and indulge in innumerable

winks, grimaces, chuckles and grins, which are intended to show that they are perfectly aware of what is going on, and that they enter thoroughly into the fun of the thing.

The consequence is that young Spoons comes to be ashamed to be seen speaking to Miss Lollipop, and that Miss Lollipop is led to treat young Spoons with a coldness almost amounting to rudeness, so that it shall not be said that she encourages his ill-timed addresses.

Thus many a match is prevented which might have been advantageous to both parties; for all have not strength to fight their way to the hymeneal altar in spite of the assaults of rude and coarse-natured persons, who, in some instances, will weakly relinquish the objects of their pursuit rather than run the gauntlet through a crowd of small wits and would-be satirists.

PITY THE POOR.

As a rule indiscriminate alms-giving is unwise, and gives encouragement to idleness. The good-looking man, or the pale woman, who arrests you on the street with an appeal for charity, is very apt to be an impostor or professional beggar, who travels and makes money on "deportment." But during this trying winter it would be wise to endeavour to discriminate between the fraudulent and really deserving, not pass them by without a thought.

You say that there are benevolent societies, asylums, homes which ought to look after the poor. True; but actual want threatens to be so great among us that the public and church societies cannot meet fit, especially with the diminished resources of many of them in consequence of the hard times. There are, too, always, perhaps necessarily, much delay and red tape observance in the conduct of these charities. They are intended to meet special cases and can relieve no others.

The other night, a poor woman was turned out of her home at midnight by a drunken husband, with a baby at her breast. In vain she asked for help from the people passing by: her cries were unheeded, and the baby was literally frozen to death. This poor beggar had a mother's heart, her baby was more to her than if she had dwelt softly and gone clothed in purple. It was all she had, homeless and starving on that winter's night. She had refused to be comforted, and when the dead, stiff child was taken from her breast, fell senseless to the ground.

Who was to blame for this? Neither society nor church, but the people who coldly passed the woman by, turning deaf ears to her cry for help. The only remedy for want coming this winter, is for every man and woman to bestir themselves to examine and relieve such cases of want as come under their own eyes, paying no heed to what societies should do toward relieving their wants.

Men are out of work now who have lived comfortably all their lives; cold and hunger are felt by people who will be the last to apply for help to the societies. Great bodies of workmen are tramping through the country from mill town to mill town, in search of work, often ragged, hungry, and, the Lord help them, beggars. It is not their fault that they are "tramps." They would travel in decent conveyances if they could.

It is high time that we discriminate between them and the gangs of idle paupers who belonged to more prosperous days; and time, too, that each one of us individually helped his needy brother whom he finds fainting on the highway.

EDUCATING HORSES.

Horses can be educated to the extent of their understanding as well as children, and can be easily damaged or ruined by bad management. We believe that the great difference found in horses as to vicious habits or reliability comes more from the different management of men than from variance of natural disposition in the animals. Horses with high mettle are more easily educated than those of less or dull spirits, and are more susceptible to ill training, and consequently may be good or bad according to the education they receive.

Horses with dull spirits are not by any means proof against bad management, for in them may be found the most provoking obstinacy or vicious habits of different characters that render them almost entirely worthless. Could the coming genera-

tion of horses in this country be kept from their days of colthood to the age of five years in the hands of good, careful managers, there would be seen a vast difference in the general characters of the noble animals.

If a colt is never allowed to get an advantage it will never know that it possesses a power that man cannot control; and if made familiar with strange objects it will not be skittish and nervous. If a horse is made accustomed from his early days to have objects hit him on his heels, back and hips, he will pay no attention to the giving out of a harness or of a waggon running against him at an unsuspected moment.

We once saw an aged lady drive a high-spirited horse, attached to a carriage, down a steep hill, with no hold-back straps upon her harness, and she assured us that there was no danger, for her son accustomed his horses to all kinds of usage and sights that commonly drive the animal into frenzy or fear and excitement.

A gun can be fired from the back of a horse, an umbrella held over his head, a buffalo robe thrown over his neck, a railway engine pass close by, his heels bumped with sticks, and the animal take it as a natural condition of things, if only taught by careful management that he will not be injured thereby. There is a great need of improvement in the management of this noble animal; less beating wanted, and more education.

WOMAN'S DRESS.

A REFORM in woman's dress is needed, certainly. There is no doubt that the present dress of woman is cumbersome and, by its weight and the impediment it puts in the way of active exercise, a bondage; there is no doubt that it is unduly expensive, and there is no doubt that it sins nearly as often and as much against artifice, as against hygienic fitness.

Raiment better adapted to the need, lighter to bear, more complete as a protection against vicissitudes of weather, allowing the body more play and, if one may dare to say it, less display, more lasting, and more graceful, is an improvement no sane observer can pronounce unnecessary.

But a woman of the smallest self-respect, whatever might be her courage, would decline to adopt simply, no matter how rational and modest, a costume which could be a surprise to beholders; no modest, womanly woman desires to render herself conspicuous. If ever a material alteration is effected it must be by the union of many.

Here is a difficulty at the threshold, for such union could ill be achieved except by the efforts of an association, and in such a case the very name of association is a hindrance, suggesting suicidal parade and publicity over a reform which of all others an unobtrusive modesty would be essential.

Then, again, even if that difficulty were disposed of, what should the dress be? We fancy a great many years would elapse before the perfect dress was found upon which a fairly representative woman's parliament could agree.

SLANG.

By the mass of our people, slang is considered funny, hence its exceeding popularity among us. The most remarkable peculiarity in regard to slang, or indeed in regard to any new fangle in language, is the quickness with which it is adopted, and comes, if not into general use, into general knowledge. This readiness of adaptability to slang may, however, be attributed almost entirely to the reporters and correspondents, and "makers-up" of our newspapers, who catch eagerly at anything new in phraseology as well as in fact, to give a temporary interest to their ephemeral writing.

But purists need not be alarmed for the safety of the English language, for our use of slang is the most fleeting of temporary fashions. Hundreds of words have lived their short lives, and then passed, not only out of use, but out of memory. While they are in vogue, however, they deform our speech, and they tend to increase our habits of looseness in language; and they bring reproach upon us such as that with an allusion to which we began this item.

For our reputation's sake we should stop this; it subjects us, with some reason, to ridicule. But we shall not stop, for the men who could stop it—the editors—will not do so. There are but two or three newspapers in the country which exclude slang from their columns.



[SIDNEY LANGHORN THREATENS MAGGIE.]

A COOL LOVER.

SIDNEY LANGHORN had not been long from the tropics, and he stood one autumn day making his toilet before the mirror which had stood neglected for five years.

He wore a cold face, but the whole country called it handsome. A pair of steely eyes glistened behind long, dark lashes, and his shining moustache hid a pair of lips to which some people declared he did not wish to give prominence.

But, be that as it may, the young man was prepossessing, and before he had been home a fortnight, had become the lion of the day. His father had died during his absence, and Sidney found himself the inheritor of one of the finest estates in the country.

It was the home of his ancestors—a cold, proud race of people—whose history during the Revolution was not all that a citizen could desire. But no one durst stigmatise Sidney Langhorn with his Tory descent, for he was an expert swordsman, as well as a crack shot with rifle and pistol.

Let us return to his grand old residence which, standing to-day, would remind the beholder of Hawthorne's "House with the Seven Gables."

He was alone in his dressing-room, and before him lay an envelope from which protruded a piece of pink paper which evidently held enthralled a billet doux.

"I can call if I wish, eh?" said Sidney Langhorn, with a sneer. "I fancy that Mr. Henderson has taken possession of your heart to the exclusion of all others. Well, well, Miss Maggie, we will see who captures it in the end. I have made love in Germany, France, Spain, and even in Mexico, and no person can lay his finger upon a failure of mine in the pro-

fession. Before I saw Crow's Nest I wondered if you were single yet, Maggie. When I left, five years ago, you were sixteen, and saw me off that wild night with a kiss, and with the secret in your heart. Ah, Miss Maggie, you must not forget that Sidney Langhorn holds you in his hand, and that he could crush you as though you were an egg-shell. The secret, girl! you did it yourself, and I witnessed the working of your scheme!"

The speaker completed his toilet as he spoke, and when he had finished he thrust the note into an inner pocket and, cane in hand, left the cosy little room.

He called a servant, who saddled a black horse, and he mounted and rode away.

His road skirted the river for some distance, and the shadows of night were falling when he turned from the stream and cantered rapidly towards the west.

"I have got to be cautious for a while, or I may lose my bird," he said to himself, with a faint smile. Her attachment to this Arthur Henderson may be deeper than I imagine; but it will give way before me in time, and the people will never cease to wonder at my success in affairs du coeur. Yes, she is mine, and the estate—the beautiful Willow Bank—mine as well!"

The last word had hardly left the young man's lips before he drew rein suddenly, and turned from the road. The shadows were deepening among the trees that lined both sides of the road, and the stars were beginning to peep out far above the top of the golden foliage.

Sidney Langhorn listened to the mingled sounds of hoofs and human voices that were approaching, and all at once two figures appeared in sight. At first the occupants of the saddle were not visible, for the steeds held their heads high; but as they neared the eager watcher among the trees, he saw that the couple were lady and gentleman.

They approached slowly, conversing the while, wholly unconscious that a listener was near.

"Have you not ridden far enough, Maggie?" the gentleman said, anxiously reining in his steed, in the woody road directly before Langhorn.

"No, Arthur. I said I would accompany you to the bend, and I shall be as good as my word. The shadows do not frighten me, and there have been no robbers hereabouts since the arrest of the fellows of the cove."

"Then to the bend be it, Maggie," and the horses started off again. "When did you say this human icicle was coming to Willow Bank?"

Sidney Langhorn clenched his white hands and his eyes flashed a world of baleful light upon the speaker.

"You shall pay for that epithet, Arthur Henderson!" he hissed.

Then he heard Maggie's reply:

"To-morrow, perhaps," she said. "He does seem an icicle; he is cold and calculating, though very handsome."

"Thank you, Maggie!" the listener said, under his breath. "I'll marry you for that compliment!"

A minute later the couple were lost to his sight; but he did not move. He seemed to be waiting for some person.

At last a horse's hoofs beat on the road to the south, and Maggie Steele came in sight. She was alone, and her horse's head was turned toward home.

"Now for a talk with the beauty," whispered the lover, as he continued to watch the approaching figure. "I'll surprise her here, and hear a little of affright in her charming tone."

Sure enough, Maggie did utter a cry of surprise when Sidney Langhorn suddenly confronted her in the lonely road. He sat bolt upright in his saddle, with hat doffed in mock respect and politeness, as the peculiar curling of his lip attested.

"This is a pleasure unlooked for," he said. "Indeed, Miss Maggie, I had hoped to find you at Willow Bank; but the enjoyment at finding you here beneath the old trees is just as great."

The pallor of terror did not leave the girl's face when his voice proclaimed his identity. She seemed to have an inward dread of the man who had suddenly obstructed her way. He could not notice her fright, for her face was hidden by the shadow of a bough, while he was in the starlight.

Maggie replied to his flattering sentences in a tremulous voice at first, but it grew stronger as she proceeded.

"I am going home," she finished. "Will you not ride down to Willow Bank?"

He wheeled his horse beside hers, and with scarcely a word rode alongside.

"Do you often ride alone?" he asked, watching her from the corner of his dark eyes.

"No, sir. I was not alone to-night—that is, not when I left home: I rode with Mr. Henderson to the bend."

"Mr. Henderson, the doctor? Ah, yes!" and Sidney Langhorn bit his lip. "He is a new-comer in the town."

"Not so new. He has lived four years in Ashland."

"But I have been absent five. You seem to have forgotten this," he answered, quickly. "Mr. Henderson and I were not acquainted when I took it into my head to see the world."

"I have forgotten," Maggie Steele answered, growing pale again. "Mr. Langhorn, you will favour me exceedingly if you do not recur to a period five years back. I was but sixteen then—a wild, giddy girl—and I trust I am now a woman. The past often rises before me; but I have atoned as well as I could for the events which it holds imprisoned. We were friends then—are such yet. Let us forget the past—that April night in particular—and recur to it in conversation no more."

Sidney Langhorn's eyes were flashing. He seemed anxious, eager to renew the torture, but the look of the beautiful creature at his side constrained him.

"We'll pass it by," he said; but, Maggie, do you know that, though I have forgotten it during my travels, I could not forget you? I held you blameless for what happened then—pardon me for recurring to it here—but it was terrible. Yes, you are entirely blameless. It was the fault of others. But that is not what I want to talk about. You, Maggie Steele, have never been absent from my thoughts during five years of travel. On the Po, beside the Gaudalquivir, among the beauties of Florence and the wits of Paris—everywhere, I thought of you, and blessed you. I yearned for the time when I could return and tell you how you have held my heart in the thrall of love since that night when you permitted me to kiss you as I held in my arms a dazzling girl of sixteen, but a woman, Maggie, notwithstanding."

He glanced at her face before he had finished, and saw that it was whiter than his gravest.

"I received your note," he continued, for Maggie Steele seemed to have lost her tongue. "I am indebted to you for its generous contents. Of course I am always delighted to call at Willow Bank. Long ago—"

She interrupted him by touching his sleeve.

"Pardon me," and he bowed with well-feigned courtesy. "We will not delve into the long ago, but mind, that I hold you blameless. You have listened to me, Maggie, you have heard the first avowal of love that has ever fallen from my lips. Now, what is your answer? Will you become my wife?"

Maggie Steele laughed as if she had nothing else to do.

The sound of her forced merriment went to her companion's heart like an arrow.

"I am serious, Maggie," he said, ill at ease, and becoming angry.

"Not to-night," she answered then. "Mr. Langhorn, this is unexpected."

"Proposals are always unexpected to you women," he retorted, somewhat bitterly. "Why is this one to you?"

"Because we have not met for five years. Persons forget each other in half a decade," she said. "Give me till to-morrow."

"You will answer then?"

"I will try."

"Then to-morrow be it," said Sidney Langhorn, biting his lip.

The next moment he had drawn rein, and his horse stood still in the road, and within sight of the glittering glass of Willow Bank.

"Good night," he said, lifting his hat in an adieu.

Maggie seemed startled by his sudden action, but said good night in a tone that frightened herself, and he turned his steed and rode away.

"Not only an idle, but a mystery," the young girl said, gazing after the disappearing horseman.

"There will be a scene at Willow Bank when he has listened to the answer which I am duty bound to give him. I might have answered here, but I prefer to be beneath the roof that shelters me when I tell such a man as Sidney Langhorn that I cannot become his wife."

The man rode homeward in a fast canter, and flung himself from the saddle in no enviable mood.

"If it comes to this I'll do it, or my name is not Sidney Talford Langhorn!" he exclaimed, as he entered the house. "No woman outwits me, and lives to boast of her victory. There was a woman in Florence—the flower seller Inesi!—But enough of these 'thoughts of the past,' as my lady Maggie would say. I will do it. Maggie Steele, if you refuse my hand to-morrow you will be brought to terms by a process that shall crush the heart that beats in your bosom!"

Sidney Langhorn was terribly in earnest, and he slept that night as if his whole life had been as devoid of intrigue as that of a child.

He found himself quite early on the road to Willow Bank on the following morning. He was elegantly dressed, and looked like a happy man going to claim the woman who had won his heart.

Maggie Steele saw him coming down the road that led to her home, and watched him with a pale face. She knew the man—knew all about his ancestors—and could tell much about the Langhorn blood during the past seventy years. He entered the house with a step which, to persons unacquainted with him, would have proclaimed him its master. His air told that he had come to conquer or, destroy.

The mistress of the estate—for Maggie's father had died several years prior to the date of our story—greeted her visitor in the elegant drawing-room of the mansion.

He might have noticed the slight paleness that overspread her face, and also that she was trying to look calm and collected. At any rate, he saw an unfavourable reply with his first glimpses.

"I should have answered you last night," Maggie said from the crimson settee. "It would be over now, and we would not be here to part with painful hearts."

"There, that will do, Maggie, he said, half commandingly. "I wish no preface to your reply."

"Then hear it. I cannot become your wife."

The next minute he had risen and was looking down upon her with his cold, insinuating orbs.

"Cannot, eh?" he exclaimed. "Well, well, Maggie Steele, so let it be. Now you will not care if the true account of the Wilbur accident gets into the papers. What delightful reading it will be for the gossips. One need not mention your name, to be sure; but they will point their fingers at Willow Bank and say, 'The woman who worked such mis-

chief lives there!' I say your answer need not be reconsidered. But before many days somebody besides ourselves will be in possession of a secret which has been kept for five years."

During his talk, Maggie, pale as death, sank on her knees with hands extended towards him in silent appeal.

Cold, triumphant and provokingly insinuating, the impudent man stood over her, enjoying the torture which he was inflicting. She thought that his eyes were laughing like a demon's, and his whole demeanour said plainer than words, "I'll blight your very life for this."

At last the silent battle ended. Maggie rose from her knees with a powerful effort, and faced the scheming fellow.

"Go, and do your worst!" she exclaimed. "When the people know that you stoop to revenge yourself upon me because I have refused to wed you, there will be but few who will credit your statements. I dare you to publish one word concerning the accident. But last night you declared that you held me blameless, and I did not intend to do what I did. I repeat it; do your worst, and if it wrongs me in the least you shall feel a woman's vengeance. This interview need not be prolonged. Sidney Langhorn, the door is ajar, and your horse, champing his bit, seems eager to bear you from the place to which you need never return."

"Never?" and he laughed provokingly. "I may be master here some day, Maggie Steele."

"It will be, then, when I am dead, and not the dead wife of Sidney Langhorn."

He gave her a look full of deep meaning, and seizing hat and cane, turned slowly on his heel.

"We may discuss this edifying subject at no distant day," he said over his shoulder. "Miss Maggie Steele, permit me to wish you good morning."

He passed from the room upon the porch, where he inspected the beautiful flowers. Maggie, watching through the window, grew amazed at his coolness.

All at once he turned from a delicate geranium, and strode to the drawing-room door.

A moment later his handsome face was thrust into the apartment, and he was saying:

"The insects are working on some of your flowers. A little hellebore will save your pretty plants, Maggie."

Then he strode away, and the girl, more than ever amazed at his coolness, saw him mount his horse and dash off.

Maggie laughed. The idea of a disappointed suitor vowing vengeance one moment and giving directions for the preservation of house plants the next, contained much of the ridiculous.

But Maggie's merriment was of short duration. Her real situation came before her, and she thought of the coming blow.

She knew the disposition of the man who was riding away, and had cause to fear him.

The secret which they had kept for five years seemed on the verge of divulgement. If Maggie, during a freak of somnambulism, had obstructed a railway train which had caused an accident, she was not to blame.

Sidney Langhorn had witnessed her action; but, as they had lately quarrelled, he had refused to undo the work and save the train. This, then, was the secret.

Maggie could not have helped it; but there were some people who would not accept the plea of somnambulism.

On the night that soon followed Sidney Langhorn's threats of revenge, Mr. Arthur Henderson, the accepted suitor, came to Willow Bank.

Then Maggie told him all, and the secret which had been kept for five years was known to a third party.

Arthur Henderson told Maggie to let the disappointed man do his work. He was not afraid of the blow.

The next morning the doctor did not respond to the calls of the patients. Mr. Henderson was missing, and a week passed away without his return.

"One moment, please," said Sidney Langhorn to Maggie, whom he had stopped one night on the road not far from Willow Bank.

She drew rein and looked into his eyes.

"Well? this interview need not last a minute."

"It may last ten," he said, madly seizing Maggie's bridle. "What will you give me to know the fate of that Mr. Arthur Henderson?"

"Sir!" and the girl's eyes flashed.

"I mean business," he replied. "Consent to become my wife, and he shall appear in Ashland within two days. Oh, you may cause my arrest, but it would kill the doctor. Your pretty face has made me desperate, Maggie Steele. I love you!

Will you save the doctor by becoming Mrs. Langhorn?"

The girl did not reply, but quick as thought she struck his hand with her riding-whip, and gave her mettled horse the spurs.

Sidney Langhorn swore with pain, and the sudden plunge of Maggie's steed unseated him and hurled him to the ground.

Away dashed the girl to Willow Bank.

That night the little town of Ashland became wild with excitement. Dr. Henderson had returned, having escaped from Crow's Nest (Sidney Langhorn's estate) during its owner's absence.

The mystery of his disappearance was thus explained.

Several men set out to arrest the villain; but his horse was bearing him away, and he did not fall into their hands.

Sometime later a man, acting as his agent, sold Crow's Nest, but its former owner never returned to the scene of his unsuccessful wooing.

The people listened to the telling of Maggie's secret, and again anathematised the man who could have saved the train.

And an event long to be remembered at Ashland was Maggie's marriage to the man of her choice.

I know not where the schemer is.

M. A. F. G.

ECONOMY.

In nothing can a woman economise by more advantage than in the matter of cookery, provided that she is an experienced cook; for in foods more depends upon the skill of the cook than on anything else. A prudent and economical housewife will make a soup of bits of cold meat and the broken bones of a fowl, flavoured with an onion, a carrot, and a bunch of parsley, that will be more savoury than many a soup of thrice the cost made by a raw Irish girl.

From the toughest parts of a fat and well-flavoured piece of beef or mutton she will compound toothsome and appetising stews and roasts and potted meats that will make the eater forget that there are choicer bits with which he might be regaled. Pieces of stale bread she will dry in the oven before they mould, and have always on hand delightful crumbs to enrich soup or make meat to give flavour and richness to some piece of cheap but good meat.

If "hard times" teach people how to make a little go a long way, teaching hitherto extravagant folk how to economise and be satisfied with necessities instead of luxuries, this trying time will not be without great compensation.

A BOY'S FIRST SEASON.

WHEN a youth enters society, his experience is very different from that of his courted and flattered sisters. Fresh from school, and proud of being his own master, or it may be having tasted the sweets of liberty at college, his melancholy face may be observed ornamenting the walls of many a ball-room. His hostess, passing over the more experienced of her male guests, whom she knows are not to be easily entrapped, at once singles him out, and, as an anticipatory penance for sins not yet committed, compels him to go the round of every plain girl in the room.

He is not versed in the fashionable gossip of the day, therefore cannot talk. The ladies pass him by in contemptuous silence, as uninteresting and ineligible, while the men consider him an infant—or act as if they do. He awakens, under this treatment, to a sense of the hollowness of the world. Society is a shame, love is a nought, all men are bad, and all women are worse.

He begins to plead previous engagements to all invitations, or, if not, adopts the simpler and more fashionable method of leaving such invitations unanswered. His face becomes as well known at the club as that of the hall-porter. Billiards is an amusing and healthy game, and with perseverance it is possible to lose money over it.

But man's society is not all-sufficient to a very young man; so he seeks the society of ladies in whose presence he may smoke, drink sweet champagne, and gamble at will. Once well established in such society, a boy need not despair of ruin, may be confident of a short life, and—Heaven save the mark!—merry one. A few years of mad folly, of feverish, reckless dissipation, and there comes a vanished fortune, a shattered constitution, a broken heart, a dishonoured grave.

Year after year boys enter upon life; year after

year the world spreads its traps for them with more and more alluring baits; year after year sees the old farce or tragedy played out. Moralists hurl denunciations against society on the score of injury done to the purity and simplicity of girls; but the perils which surround the boy are far more terrible.

THE BAXTER ART UNION.

VALUABLE AQUAGRAPH.
THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.
Size 22½ by 14½.

THE BAXTER ART UNION

Have concluded arrangements by which each Subscriber to this week's LONDON READER will be entitled to receive one copy of the
SUPERB AQUAGRAPH,

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD,

Painted by the late
SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, A.R.A.

This Picture is one of the happiest of the lamented Sir Edwin's masterpieces, representing as it does the famous

ST. BERNARD DOGS

In the act of rescuing a traveller lost in the deep snow.

Sir Edwin lent this picture to the late
GEORGE BAXTER

For him to make a steel plate engraving of it. The copyright of the original picture was secured by the late George Baxter, and from him passed, with the steel plate he prepared, to us.

Baxter was engaged for more than twelve months before he had completed this plate, and when he had added the many colours of the original to it produced a faithful and true copy of

LANDSEER'S CELEBRATED PAINTING.

It is requested that the Premium Voucher be cut out as printed below, and be enclosed, together with Eighteen Pence in Postage Stamps or Post Office Order, payable to

T. H. ROBERTS & Co.,

THE BAXTER ART UNION,

42, Essex Street, Strand, London,

In return for which one copy of the above Superior Aquagraph will be remitted, securely packed and post free, to any part of the United Kingdom.

No. 727.

Premium Voucher.

DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

One Copy.

THE BAXTER ART UNION.

42, Essex Street, Strand, London,

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Applications for Copies of "The Dogs of St. Bernard" must be made at the Office of the Baxter Art Union, 42, Essex Street, Strand, W.C., and NOT at the office of this Journal, and with each application the above Voucher must be enclosed.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

APPEARANCES are deceitful; remember that, and don't act too quickly upon the inferences you draw from them. The person in the shabby coat and hat may be a millionaire; the other, in the latest style of seal-skin overcoat, the clerk who has robbed him.

The handsome woman, with the real lace and counterfeit elegance, may be anything but a lady; the plain person, whom you overlooked in a crowd, may be a woman of influence and importance.

The most precious children rarely make great men. A very "solid man" rarely makes a show of his wealth. He who is a great scientist does not publish the fact; nor does a renowned orator feel anxious to "speak his piece" in a parlour sociable.

After a little experience you will know this, and show and flourish will have no effect upon you. Great people, talented people, good people, do not inform you of their fame, their acquirements, or their virtues. Boasters are ever to be doubted; and a flourish of trumpets does not always herald the coming of a king. A good motto to remember, in dealing with man and women, is the time-honoured one—"all is not gold that glitters."

FACTS.

HARD ENOUGH EITHER WAY.

Our Turcopiles, than Turks who more
Turk oft are,
Say Edith is too soft—lacks Moslem
ardour;
But Stamboul's rule were harder with a
Sofia,
And scarcely would be softer with a
harder. —Punch.

THE MINISTERIAL FIX.

The cruz, when Turk and Tartar quarrel,
And Turk seeks succour ministerial,
Is that material aid's immoral,
And moral aid is immaterial. —Punch.

To all in Quest of Elaborate House Decoration—
If you want to pay dearly for your whistle send for the whistler. —Punch.

EXACTLY SO!

A TURCOPHILE contemporary makes out that the
Ozar is extremely anxious to sack Gortschakoff.
The other day it declared he wanted to sack Constantinople. —Fun.

A THREEDECKER TOPIC.

My hair's turning grey with annoyance and
grief,
And sorrow is bending me double,
So I've plunged into poetry just for relief,
For something to soften my trouble.
I swear like a trooper, though formerly
mild,
And my heart once as light as a
feather—
For day after day I'm disgustingly riled
(I'm certain 'tis years since I capered or
smiled)
Because people chatter (it makes me so
wild)
Of nothing on earth but the weather!

The sole conversation wherever I wend
Is on this detestable topic,
And should it continue I'm certain 'twill
tend

To render me quite misanthropic.
In bus or in train they will never refrain,
They'll never depart from their tether,
But talk of the fog, of the frost, of the
rain,
With platitudes bordering on the insane,
And make me distracted, again and again,
With "What do you think of the
weather?"

Then, oh, for a Lear's, or a Richelieu's
curse,
To cause them to tremble and grovel;
Oh, why can't an Englishman strive to con-
verse

On something a little bit novel?
Brother Britons, I would from the rule
you'd depart,
For sake it at once—altogether—
Pray struggle to be interesting and smart,
And whenever we meet in the world's busy
mart.

Discourse upon politics, science, or art,
Anything else but the weather. —Fun.

NO CHANCE O' LOR.

The Lord Chancellor is complaining of the block
of business in the Court of Chancery. They work
that court on the clock system. —Fun.

A MARTYR TO HIS ART.

A WAITER at Templemore, in Ireland, choked
himself while eating his dinner. It is only in Ire-
land that one who couldn't wait because he was
waiting to wait would be called a waiter. —Fun.

THE Ritualists are about to issue essays on the

illegality of Lord Penance's decisions. They will
be the Pen's answer to the Penance. —Fun.

TO MARCH.

(A SNAIL IN SEASON.)

The "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus."
So sings our Laureate—how these bards pro-
voke us
With their periphrases and house-poems!
Roaring? That's true; with dusty blasts
that choke us;
But while to wrath your mad March airs
provoke us,
Your flowery fancies seem a bitter focus.
And snow-drops chilly sarcasms! Wherefore
poke us
With spring flowers, while 'gainst Winter
frosts we stoke us?
The floral charms of March who cares to
foam,
Except in Covent Garden?—charming
foam,
Where alone Spring-time does not freeze or
soak us;
In Mackintosh where we've no need to cloak
us;
From "roaring moon of daffodil and cro-
cus!" —Punch.

FASHIONS FOR THE KITCHEN.

COOK: "Lor, Jane, I wouldn't be bothered with
them 'trains' every day. I only wear 'em on Sun-
days."

JANE: "That may do for you, cook; but for my
part I like to be a lady week-days as well as Sun-
days!" —Punch.

FROM ONE POINT OF VIEW.

Scene: British Jury Room. All agreed on
their verdict except

IRISH JURYMAN (who holds out): "Ah, thin, I'll'n
more obstin' men I alvir met in all me lollie." —Punch.

"AIE ME EYE!"

"It is hardly necessary to say that General Igna-
tiev's journey is not, as announced, on account of
an affection of the eyes!"—Paris correspondent of
the "Times."

Much more likely, say the Russophobes, that the
formidable General is coming to operate on the eyes
of Europe—by throwing dust in 'em. —Punch.

ADDITIONAL LONDON PENANCES.

DR. KEMRALL.—To see himself as others see him.
MR. CHAPLIN.—To "do it again" to Mr. Glad-
stone.

MR. SWINBURNE AND ROBERT BUCHANAN.—To
praise each other's verses.

MR. BROWNING.—To restore all his missing arti-
cles.

LORD JUSTICE CHRISTIAN.—To be sat upon by a
Vice-Chancellor.

SIR GEORGE JESSEL.—To eat a daily slice of hum-
ble pie. —Punch.

SHOWS THAT!

THE real original hero of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
has been visiting her Majesty at Windsor Castle.
He is an amiable old gentleman, and, therefore, the
rumour that Royalty has a liking for "Old Tom" is
probably well founded. —Fun.

RE-KNEWABLE.

DR. HOOKER, on behalf of the Kew Gardeners,
has successfully opposed the granting of a licence to
a public-house near the entrance to the grounds.
It was urged that the pub. would cause drunken-
ness. Temperance is, therefore, the horticultural
watchword of the day, and visitors to the famous
grounds must refresh upon the strict Kew Tea. —Fun.

HARD TO SWALLOW.

IN a breach of promise case at Leicester it was
urged on behalf of the defendant that, for thirty
years he had been in the habit of taking five pills a
day, or a total of 54,750. Perhaps that was why he
was ordered to administer the plaintiff a draft for
£150 and costs. —Fun.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

THERE was an old fellow named Hayes,
The land of the Yankees he sways;
He's the President now,
After squabble and row
Which lasted a number of days.

THERE was a sad duffer named Hunt,
Who couldn't have managed a punt—
So we gave him the Navy
To send to old Davy,
Which cost us a hatful of blunt. —Fun.

THE czar is said to be longing for a "golden

bridge." We thought it was a Golden Horn on which his wishes were fixed.

—Punch.

QUID PRO QUO.

THE Stafford House Committee has forwarded two hundred pounds' worth of quinine to the poor Turkish soldiers. This is a delicate way of recompensing them for the large doses of steel they gave the Bulgarians.

—Fun.

THE DAT AND THE DEED.

A CLERGYMAN at Little Compton has been fined for assaulting his man-servant because the latter would not go to church on Ash-Wednesday. It would seem by this doubly fine specimen of muscular Christianity as if the rev. gentleman wasn't over pleased at having to go there himself. He was a little too fast, as it turned out, even for such a fast day.

—Fun.

TAXY WAXY.

AN old gentleman of Tadcaster has been sent to prison for two months for saying "Dash the Queen!" during divine service in some schoolrooms. He pleaded that he was thinking of the Queen's Taxes at the time. The excuse was unavailing. We are expected to pay through the nose, not through the lips.

—Fun.

It-time was made for slaves, the market has not been overstocked. They've never much on their hands.

—Fun.

JONES had to put down his horses when he married, but he has a pair of nags still. His wife and his mother-in-law.

—Fun.

LOOKING OUT FOR SQUALLS.

GENERAL IGWATIEFF, so say those who know, is to visit London specially to obtain the services of an eminent oculist. It is evident the General wishes to have his weather eye well opened while there is yet time, and this without any of the eye-falutin' as common among oculists.

—Fun.

AGAINST THE FIELD.

MR. JUSTICE FIELD, in a recent breach of promise case, requested counsel to read a certain letter "as a man" and then throw the case up. The barrister retorted that he was there as an advocate to do his duty to his client, and he objected to be called a man. Mr. Justice Field then explained that he was "a man" himself. We are glad to have the information. A good many of our judges at present are old women.

—Fun.

ROOMANY EYE.

It is reported in Jersey, that a gipsy fortune-teller who has just died "kept fourteen dogs in her room, which used to sleep in a circle and make room for her to lie in the centre." This, it is hardly necessary to supplement, is merely room-ey.

—Fun.

REASONABLE.

NIMROD: "What! out again, Vicar! Fresh nag, too. I thought parsons did not hunt just now!"

THE VICAR: "Ah! But this is a Lent Horse!"

—Punch.

"FIVE O'CLOCK TEA."

MISTRESS: "I really must inquire, Timmins, why the tea comes up so weak of an afternoon?"

PARLOUR MAID: "Well, it should not, m'm! Cook, she puts in a spoonful for 'erself, a spoonful for myself, and a spoonful for the parlour; and as you rings as we finishes, I fills up the teapot myself with bilin' water!"

—Punch.

DEFINITION FOR DIPLOMATS.

TERMIN:—An International Agreement between two or more Powers, which each and all of the contracting parties will punctually fulfil, when the time comes for doing so, unless they find that the safest and most advantageous course is to back out of it, in which case they are free to back accordingly.

—Punch.

A CONTRADICTION IN (AMERICAN) TERMS.—Fog clears up, now that Hayes settles down.

—Punch.

USEFUL Military Exercise for Cabmen (suggested by a Victim).—Judging distances.

—Punch.

THE REAL REASON.

LITTLE MAY: "Please, Ethel, give me something to make an ulcer for Dolly."

ETHEL: (Who doesn't like being disturbed).—"Oh never mind, darling, the weather is not at all cold."

LITTLE MAY (innocently): "Oh, but I want it to warm Dolly, and not the weather!"

—Fun.

A SINE QUA NON.

COUNTRY BOOKSELLER to MINER (who has previously invested in a dictionary): "Oh, you must look among the S's for scissors, not the Z's."

MINER: "Well How's Oi to know? Wat's t' good of a dictionary without a hinder?"

—Fun.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

SKIMMER: "I say, Slimely, have you heard the news? Young Plumper has just burst up for twenty thousand."

SLIMELY: "Dear, dear! Twenty thousand, is that all? Why as his age if I'd had his chance, hang me if I wouldn't have smashed for fifty 'thou."

—Fun.

AN UNRESERVED PROPOSAL.

BILL STIKES (to mild-gent who has lost his way in the thick of the Dials): "Yer wants to go to Russell Street, does yer? Ah, you'll 'ave to go through a werry low neighbourhood. But I'm going that way myself, and I'll see yer safe there by a near cut."

—Fun.

INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

When a young couple are joined together in holy matrimony by a Bishop they are mixed together. All competitive examinations are passing events. Even Father Thames isn't a hero to his valley; it gets a rise out of him so often now.

The promise of the late Emperor of the French to invade Germany was sugar to the people. It was a Sack-a-Rhine matter.

Count Andrassy is a man of note.

—Fun.

ON THE Q TEA.

A YOUNG lady aged fifteen has been charged with attempting to kill her brother by putting poison into his "tea bottle." What will the Lawsonsites say to this method of making tea bring a man to his bier?

TAKE IT BACK.

You kissed me at the gate last night,
And mother heard the smack!
She says it's naughty to do so,
So please to take it back.

I cannot see what harm there is
In such a thing—can you?
But mother seems so very wroth,
Please take it back—now do.

It seems to me quite natural
For the lips to meet that way;
But mother says it's very wrong,
So take it back, I pray.

And, come to think of it, I'm sure
That several times 'twas done;
So now, to make it right, be sure
To take back every one.

I would not have you think it's me,
I do not care a mite;
But mother's so particular;
Please take them back, to-night. G. D.

GEMS.

LIFE.—There is precious little variety in the incidents of this life. One generation trades in the footsteps of another—following the same beaten track—going the same dull round, and falling at last into the same little pit. There is joy because a child is born—there is trouble in rearing it—there are cares in its passage from youth through manhood, to old age—there are attentions in the sick chamber. The curtain falls—tears are shed—a train goes forth to the grave—the sod presses the coffin—the mourners return to the desolate home—dust returns to dust. So follow one after another, until generation after generation are laid in the narrow house, food for worms and corruption. And this is an epitome of life; what is it in truth but an 'empty show'?

If life a hundred years, or e'er so few,
'Tis repetition all, and nothing new.

A MILD answer to an angry man, like water cast upon fire, abateth his heat; and from an enemy he shall become thy friend.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity; and the beast by nature.

Blessed are they who ever keep that portion of pure, generous love with which they began life! How blessed those who have deepened the fountains, and have enough to spare for the thirst of others.

Do you wish to learn how to give anything? then fancy yourself in the place of the receiver.

STATISTICS.

In the year ended the 31st of December, 1876, 11,318 probates and 5,516 administrations were issued from the Principal Probate Registry, Somerset House. Of the probates 7,877 were of the wills of males and 3,441 were of the wills of females. Of the administrations, 3,365 were of the effects of males and 2,151 were of the effects of females. The effects of the testators and intestates, together 16,834 in number, were sworn under an aggregate sum of £72,036,140.

The testimony of several well known scientists goes to prove that all oysters have reproducing powers. At certain seasons of the year oysters are filled with eggs. These eggs are microscopic, and give birth to myriads of little oysters, which will call spawn. This spawn remains for a certain length of time in the shell, when in proper season it leaves it, swimming with remarkable agility and seeking the place where it will remain as a fixture during its life. Exceedingly small oysters have quite early in life the power of reproducing their kind, but of course this depends on such circumstances as whether the oysters are living in a medium where food can be found in abundance. They can, if surrounded by favorable conditions, produce their kind during the first year, and sometimes twice a year.

By a supplementary estimate issued, it appears that the visit of Lord Salisbury to Constantinople cost £10,000. It is probable that the amount will be considerably increased. What a number of really useful things might be done for ten thousand.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

MINUTE PUDDING.—Eight even tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint cold milk, with a piece of soda the size of a pea dissolved in it; stir in the flour gradually with the milk to the consistency of thin starch; add four well-beaten eggs; on sitting down to dinner put it in the oven; butter the dish a well, and put the mixture in one-eighth of an inch thick, as it rises so rapidly; serve hot from the oven with cold sauce.

A DELICIOUS SOUP.—Peel and slice six large onions, six potatoes, six carrots, and four turnips; fry them in half a pound of butter and pour on them four quarts of boiling water. Toast a crust of bread as brown and hard as possible; but do not burn it, and put in, with some celery, sweet herbs, white pepper and salt. Simmer all gently for four hours, and then strain it through a coarse cloth. Have ready thinly-sliced carrot, celery, and a little turnip. Add them to your liking, and stew them tender in the soup. If approved of, an anchovy and a spoonful of catsup may be added.

DOWN EAST BREAD.—One and one-half pints sweet and very fresh milk, lukewarm; three tablespoonfuls yeast in the milk, a scant teaspoonful soda if the yeast is sweet, a full teaspoonful if it is at all sour, and a little salt; add flour while it stirs easily, and a little flour on top at last, to prevent the cloth from sticking; cover, and set it in a moderately warm place to rise overnight. One pint of milk makes a large loaf, and a half pint makes a dozen biscuits. In the morning roll your biscuit and cut them, then place before the fire to rise half an hour before baking. Allow your loaf after it is in the pan to rise from one-half an hour to an hour, turning it round, so that it may rise evenly. This receipt is equally good for Graham bread.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHARMER.—Let the wife only understand and have faith in her true position—that of woman, "the helper"—and she needs neither greater gifts, nor an expansive mind, nor extraordinary beauty, to be always charming to her husband, and while she walks by his side to "fill all the stops with music." In being literally his "helpmeet," she becomes the beautifier and healer of his life. If the vine about the oak tree be truly her emblem, it is because she binds together the broken boughs, and drapes with verdurous loveliness the withered branches.

DECEIT.—Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.

CONTENTS.

Page	Page
MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT ... 529	FACITINE ... 580
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS THE GOLDEN BOWL ... 532	STATISTICS ... 581
FARMERS' FRIENDS ... 535	GEMS ... 581
RICHARD PEMBERTON; OR, THE SELF-MADE JUDGE ... 536	MISCELLANEOUS ... 581
POCKETS ... 537	HOUSEHOLD TALK ... 581
A SPIRIT WEDDING ... 537	SURES ... 581
MALE MATRIMONY ... 538	CORRESPONDENCE ... 582
WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM; OR, THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH ... 538	
DUBLIN DAN; OR, THE ROSE OF BALLYHOOL- LAN ... 541	HIS EVIL GENIUS commenced in ... 700
A FATHER'S LOVE ... 543	RICHARD PEMBERTON; OR, THE SELF-MADE JUDGE, commenced in ... 708
THE FOREMOST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S RE- PENTANCE ... 544	WHY SHE FORSOOK HIM; OR, THE SECRET OF HER BIRTH, com- menced in ... 712
SCIENCE ... 544	THE GOLDEN BOWL commenced in ... 719
HUNGERS AND SARACENS ... 545	MORLEY GRANGE; OR, DICK MARSTON'S ATONEMENT, com- menced in ... 722
PITY THE POOR ... 547	THE FOREMOST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S RE- PENTANCE, commenced ... 725
WOMAN'S DREAMS ... 547	
SLAVERS ... 547	
A COOL LOVER ... 547	
BOONBY ... 547	
THE BAKTER AND UNION ... 550	

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN aquagraph of the "Dogs of St Bernard," issued by the Baxter Art Union, is an excellent copy of the original. Our readers will find full particulars on page 550.

O. W.—Several attempts have been made to bring a live gorilla to this country, but they have all been failures. Those which have been exhibited as gorillas from time to time were chimpanzees.

ST. MUNGO.—You inform us, St. Mungo, that you are "what is called a good-looking chap;" and you add that you would take any woman to wife, provided she had cash. Since such is your principle, we decline assisting you to form any matrimonial engagement. In fact, we never met with a woman who, in spite of her looks, was not too good for a man so mercenary as yourself. We are not surprised at your having had many refusals.

M. A. and BELLA.—Washing the head in soft water and castile soap is the most efficient remedy, and by giving the preference to castile over other soaps there is less danger of changing the colour of the hair. Perseveringly brushing the hair and head every night is necessary in conjunction with washing the head once a week. By following this system a lady whom we knew, and who was greatly troubled with the complaint in question, got rid of it completely.

MARION.—For sunburn, take a little scraped horse-radish, mixed with warm milk, and rub it on your face and hands. To purify the breath, take every morning from two to five drops of concentrated solution of chloride in a wine-glassful of spring water.

JAMES.—Sprinkling furs or woollen stuffs, as well as the drawers or boxes in which articles are kept, with spirits of turpentine, is an easy method of preventing the destruction occasioned by moths. The unpleasant scent of the turpentine will speedily evaporate on exposure of stuffs to the air. Leaves of tobacco are also effectual in keeping off the moths. Lay them between the folds of woollen articles. It is particularly in the spring you must take precautions. Shake and beat the woollen garments to destroy the moths' eggs, and repeat all the means of prevention.

M. W.—The longer we live the shorter does time appear. The theory of this we take to be as follows: "The old are more familiar with time than the young, they have passed through a greater portion of it, and by thus becoming habitual to its progression think less of any given quantity. A year is a great period to a child, because, compared with its previous existence, it embraces a long era; to the aged it is as nothing. A person accustomed to walk forty miles a day thinks little of ten. Another, whose diurnal walk does not exceed three, conceives ten a formidable task. The same law holds with regard to the estimate of time by the young, who have had little to do with it, and by the old, who have had much to do with it."

BILL.—Gas from petroleum contains only a very small quantity of carbolic acid. The quantity is so small that it may be altogether overlooked.

WILL W.—Make your filter of animal charcoal, or freshly or thoroughly burnt vegetable charcoal. If the charcoal has not been thoroughly burnt it may impart some unpleasant taste to the vinegar. If the vinegar be allowed to pass slowly through the filter a part, at least, of the dark colour will be removed.

L. M.—Have you tried sulphuric acid? This is the usual bleaching agent employed for silk, but it requires some previous technical experience in the matter to be enabled to do it well. After being sulphured the goods are passed through an extremely dilute solution of sulphuric acid, and washed.

A. R.—Mists are caused by cold and warm air coming in contact.

TIZ.—We cannot tell you.

ANNIE K. and KATE M., two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Annie K. is tall, good-looking, blue eyes, and fond of music. Kate M. is tall, dark, good-looking, brown hair, brown eyes.

J. M., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, dark, hazel eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young woman about twenty, medium height, dark, good-looking.

L. M. and W. M., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. L. M. is twenty-eight, brown curly hair, brown eyes, dark, and fond of home. W. M. is twenty-seven, medium height.

G. D., thirty-five, good-looking, medium height, blue eyes, brown hair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty-three. Widow not objected to. Must be affectionate.

D. E., twenty-two, good-looking, dark hair, and eyes, fond of music, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady who must be in a good position.

SOLDIER, twenty-five, good-looking, tall, fond of home, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty.

LAURENCE MERRIN, eighteen, brown hair, brown eyes, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman between eighteen and nineteen. Respondent must be fond of home, medium height, good-looking, dark hair, hazel eyes.

NATTIE S., twenty-two, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be tall, fair, rich, and of a loving disposition.

I WILL SCREAM.

"I'll scream if you touch me,"
Exclaimed a pert miss,
Whose lover was seeking,
An innocent kiss.
By this prudish conduct
Cold water was thrown—
The lover drew backward
And—let her alone.

"I'll scream if you touch me,"
She hallooed once more.
He cried, "I'm not near you,"
And found it a bore.
She quickly subsided,
Grew tender to view,
And whispered quite softly,
"I'll scream till you do."

THE ROSE-BUD.

Once wandering in a garden gay
A rose-bud caught my eye,
It's bright leaves opening to the day
Half hidden modestly.

Her sister roses round her were
Full blown in plumage bright,
But still they seemed not half as fair,
As lovely to the sight.

A something had the modest flower
Her sisters did not share;
Beauty alone was not her dower—
Far more was hidden there.

Sweet hope! I thought this bud to claim,
And happy wandered on;
But when I sought the flower again
I found the charm was gone.

UPPER DECK, LUGGER, and STERN SHEET, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Upper Deck is twenty-one, good-looking, Lugger is twenty-one, fair, hazel eyes, fond of home and music. Stern Sheet is twenty, dark brown eyes, fond of home.

A. A. and B. B., two friends, wish to correspond with two young ladies. A. A. is twenty, good-looking, medium height. B. B. is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and dark.

DICK and TOM, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Dick is twenty-three, black hair, blue eyes, and medium height, of a loving disposition. Tom is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, and fond of home and children.

M. L. and N. L., two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young men. M. L. is nineteen, medium height, good-looking. N. L. is twenty-two, tall, dark. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of music.

N. L. D., twenty, good-looking, fair, would like to receive carte-de-visites of a young lady between seventeen and eighteen. Respondent must be good-looking, of a loving disposition.

G. I. and B. I., two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two ladies, who must be tall, medium height, dark, and of loving dispositions. G. I. is twenty-five, considered handsome, good-tempered, dark complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes. B. I. is twenty-six, considered good-looking, medium height, of a loving disposition.

E. T. W., twenty-three, brown hair, black eyes, accomplished, would like to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony. Must be twenty-two, thoroughly domesticated.

MARY M., eighteen, tall, fond of home and children, fair, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with a gentleman about twenty-eight.

WILL and JACK, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Will is twenty-four, brown hair, blue eyes, considered good-looking. Jack is twenty-three, considered good-looking, black hair, dark eyes, and of a very loving disposition. They must be tall, dark, good-tempered, and about their own age.

MILLY B., seventeen, dark, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be about nineteen, tall, dark, handsome, fond of society.

JACK D., a stoker in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, dark, grey eyes. He is twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes.

JULIET and MARY, two friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of two young gentlemen. Juliet is twenty, tall, light hair, blue eyes. Mary is twenty-four, tall, brown hair, blue eyes. They are both good-looking. Tradersmen preferred.

M. W. and T. M., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. M. W. is twenty-five, tall, of a loving disposition. T. M. is twenty-two. Both are educated.

M. G. M., a seaman in the Royal Navy, thirty-six, fair, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be about twenty-nine, fond of home.

A. C. and A. L. S. wish to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. A. C. is seventeen, dark hair and eyes. A. L. S. is eighteen, dark hair, and blue eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-two.

F. F., twenty-two, light brown hair, dark brown eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty-three. Respondents must be in a good position.

G. G. and G. S., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. G. G. is twenty-two, medium height, dark. G. S. is twenty-one, medium height, fair.

ALICE, nineteen, auburn hair, brown eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a fair, good-looking young man, fond of home and music.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

BIANDA is responded to by—Tom D., nineteen, good-looking, dark hair.

TOM by—Alice, twenty, dark hair and eyes, fair, and of a loving disposition.

T. M. by—Nellie, sixteen, light hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and children.

TOM by—Mary, nineteen, good-looking, fair, medium height.

M. M. by—Annie, seventeen.

EMMA by—Michael, nineteen, light hair, grey eyes, and fond of home.

AVICULAR by—C. F. R., twenty-four, tall, considered good-looking.

ALICE by—Crotchet, fair, medium height.

ELIZABETH by—Quaver, tall and dark.

VIOLET by—Cathedral, a sailor in the Royal Navy, fair, tall, curly hair, of a loving disposition. Thinks he is all she requires.

A. H. M. by—Amy, eighteen, medium height, thinks she is all he requires.

CHARLES by—Gerty B., twenty-five, dark, thoroughly domesticated.

H. F. by—K. T., considered good-looking, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes, and of a loving disposition.

ALL the BACK NUMBERS, PARTS, and VOLUMES of the "LONDON READER" are in print, and may be had at the Office, 334, Strand; or will be sent to any part of the United Kingdom Post-free for Three-halfpence, Eightpence, and Five Shillings and Eightpence each.

THE LONDON READER, Post-free, Three-halfpence Weekly; or Quarterly One Shilling and Eightpence.

LIFE and FASHION, Vols. 1 and 2, Price Seven Shillings and Sixpence each.

EVERYBODY'S JOURNAL, Parts 1 to 4, Price Threepence each.

*. Now Ready Vol. XXVII. of THE LONDON READER Price 4s. 6d.

Also, the FIFTH and INDEX to Vol. XXVII., Price One Penny.

NOTICE.—Part 109 (March) Now Ready, Price Sixpence. Post Free, Eightpence.

N.B.—CORRESPONDENTS MUST ADDRESS THEIR LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON READER," 334, Strand, W.C.

†† We cannot undertake to return Rejected Manuscripts. As they are sent to us voluntarily, authors should retain copies.

London: Published for the Proprietors at 334, Strand, by A. SMITH & CO.